



THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Priony House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

APRIL 22 1983

A major biography from the author of
A E Housman: The Scholar Poet

The Brothers Powys

RICHARD PERCEVAL GRAVES

'Mr Graves has devoted himself to assembling a coherent triple biography from the now numerous printed sources, backed up by information gained from surviving friends and relatives, and a remarkable piece of craftsmanship it is. His account brings their nature into sharp relief.' — *Philip Larkin, Observer*
071009323 3, 392 pages £24.95 £18.95 to 31 July 1983 28 April

The Travellers' Dictionary of Quotation

Who Said What, About Where
Edited by PETER YAPP

This fascinating and wide-ranging anthology contains over 10,000 quotations, in prose and verse, referring to both well and lesser known places and people throughout the world on both local and national levels and drawn principally from English-language sources from the fifteenth century to the present.
071009926, 1038 pages £24.95 £18.95 to 31 July 1983 28 April

Room's Classical Dictionary

The Origins of the Names of Characters in Classical Mythology
ADRIAN ROOM

Like all Adrian Room's reference books this study is written for a wide audience. By carefully considering the relevance of the name with regard to the life and deeds of its bearer he gives the reader a clear understanding of the meanings.
071009282 8 £8.95 10 March

Announcing a New Series

The Making of Britain

General Editor ANDREW WHEATCROFT

Few themes run with consistency all the way through the history of the British Isles, save the land itself. The books in this new series examine the varied and complex relationship between man and his environment, and show how the landscapes of Britain have acquired their rich historical density.
The first books to be published are

The Norman Heritage

1066-1200

TREVOR ROWLEY

University of Oxford Department of External Studies
071009412 2, Profusely illustrated £8.95 21 April

The Georgian Triumph

1700-1830

MICHAEL REED

Loughborough University
071009414 0, Profusely illustrated £12.50 21 April

A Miner's Life

DAVID DOUGLASS and JOEL KRIEGER

'Krieger's low-key commentary on developments and attitudes is lucid and helpful. Douglass provides a more charged account. The authors want us to see that "the quietly pervasive notion that life and labour underground have lost their raw and bloody edge" is a convenient lie. At the centre of the argument is David Douglass's gripping account of what miners actually do.' — *David Smith, Guardian*
071009473 6 paperback £4.50 14 April

Theoretical Logic in Sociology

Volume Two: The Antinomies of Classical Thought:
Marx and Durkheim

JEFFREY C ALEXANDER

Professor of Sociology, University of California, Los Angeles
'There can be no question that Alexander's book is both brilliant and original. It is certain to be read by all interested in sociological theory and the underlying paradigms of the field.' — *Seymour Martin Lipset*
071009289 X, 586 pages £25 10 March
International Library of Sociology

The Family, Women and Death

Comparative Studies

S C HUMPHREYS

University College, London
071009322 5 £15 10 March
International Library of Anthropology

Routledge & Kegan Paul
39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

Biography and Memoirs 391-3,

396, 413-4

Classics 398

Commentary 402-3

Fiction 399-400, 412

French History 409

History 406

Islam 405

Italy 407

Language 408

Literature 395

Philosophy 411

Photography/Cinema 401

Poetry 397

Poland 394

Scotland 410

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

ARNOLO, BRUCE *Running to Paradise* [Mary Kathleen Benet] 400

BARRACLOUGH, GEOFFREY *From Agadir to Armageddon: Annals of a Crisis* [Zara Steiner] 406

BEVOR, ANTHONY *The Frustian Pact* [Keith Jeffery] 400

BEHAN, BRENOAN *After the Wink* [Patricia Craig] 412

BOLD, ALAN *The Seasonal Scot* [Gavin Ewart] 397

BRAUTON, RICHARD *So The Wind Won't Blow It All Away* [David Montrose] 399

CASTANS, WAYMON, and BERNARD, ANOAS *Les fils de Marcel Pagnol* [David Coward] 401

CHUBA, JUDITH *Patronage, Power, and Poverty in Southern Italy: A tale of two cities* [David Hine] 407

COOTE, STEPHEN (Editor) *The Penguin Book of Homosexual Verse* [Alan Hollinghurst] 397

DEWAR, DIANA *Saint of Auschwitz: The Story of Maksymilian Kolbe* [Peter Hebblethwaite] 394

FARGE, ARLETTE, and FOUCAULT, MICHEL *Le désordre des familles: Lettres de cochet des Archives de la Bastille* [Michael Ignatieff] 409

GAIR, REAVLEY *The Children of Paul's: the story of a theatre company, 1553-1608* [Julie Hankey] 393

GANZEL, DEWEY *Fortune and Men's Eyes: The Career of John Payne Collier* [Arthur Freeman] 391

OIBB, ANDREW *Glasgow: The Making of a City* [John Hume] 410

GRISMAN, MICHAEL *Recognizing Isolation* [C. J. Heywood] 406

GRUBA, DAVID *Beneath the Visiting Moon: An English Childhood* [Violet Powell] 396

GUTHRIE, YISRAEL *The Jews of Wymen, 1939-1943: Ghettos, Underground, Revolt* [Abraham Brumberg] 394

HARRIS, MACDONALD *Screenplay* [Lewis Jones] 399

HART-DAVIS, RUPERT (Editor) *Siegfried Sassoon Diaries. The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon* [Dominic Hibberd] 395

HUNTER, R. L. (Editor) *Eubulus: The Fragments* [J. H. C. Leach] 398

KENTZ, ANOAS *A Lifetime of Photography* [John Stokes] 401

KILBY, CLYDE S., and MRAO, MAJORIE LAMP (Editors) *Brothers and Friends: The Diaries of Major Warren Hamilton Lewis* [Humphrey Carpenter] 396

LAINZ, MANUEL MAURICA *The Wandering Unicorn* [Colin Greenland] 399

LANGS, PETER, and others *Unions, Change and Crisis: French and Indian Union Strategy and the Political Economy, 1945-1980* [Percy Allum] 407

LLOYD, CHRISTOPHER (Editor) *Social Theory and Political Practice* [Phillip Pettit] 411

MACCORMICK, NEIL *Legal Right and Social Democracy: Essays in Legal and Political Philosophy* [Alan Ryan] 411

MARKUS, THOMAS A. (Editor) *Order in Space and Society: Architectural Form and its Context in the Scottish Enlightenment* [David Walker] 410

MIKHAIL, E. H. (Editor) *Brendan Behan: Interviews and Recollections* [Patricia Craig] 412

MORTIMER, HOWARD *Faith and Power: The Politics of Islam* [E. R. J. Owen] 405

O'NEAL, HANK *Berence Abbott: Sixty Years of Photography* [John Stokes] 401

PROOFT, STUART *Scotland Before History: With a Gazetteer of Ancient Monuments by Graham Ritchie* [Leslie Alcock] 410

QUICK, RANDOLPH *Style and Communication in the English Language* [Margharita Laski] 408

ROTH, JOSEPH *Job: The story of a simple man* [Michael Hofmann] 395

SASSOON, SIEGFRIED *Sherston's Progress* [Dominic Hibberd] 395

SCOTT, ALEXANDER (Editor) *Scottish Passion: An Anthology of Scottish Erotic Poetry* [Gavin Ewart] 397

SMITHURST, WILLIAM *Jennifer's Friends* [J. K. L. Walker] 408

SMITH, WILLIAM H.C. *Napoleon III* [Tony Judt] 408

STONE, NORMAN *Europe Transformed 1878-1919* [Douglas Johnson] 406

SUTCLIFFE, ROSEMARY *Blue Remembered Hills: A Recollection* [Anne Duchêne] 401

SZARKOWSKI, JOHN, and HAMBOUR, MARIA MORRIS *The Work of Aget. Volume 1: The Art of Old France. Volume 2: The Art of Old Paris* [John Stokes] 399

TEVIS, WALTER *The Queen's Ornament* [Colin Russ] 398

VEYNE, PAUL *Les Grecs ont-ils cru à leurs mythes? Essai sur l'imagination constitutive* [Jasper Griffin] 395

WALSH, JEFFREY *American War Literature: 1914 to Vietnam* [Stephen Fender] 408

YAHUDA, JOSEPH *Hebrew is Greek* [James Barr] 408

ZAVOLI, SERGIO *Socialista di Dio* [Patrick McCarthy] 407

COMMENTARY

Cinema *Le Pont du Nord* (ICA Cinema) [Alan Jenkins] 403

Exhibitions *Italian Drawings from the Lugt Collection* (British Museum) [Francis Ames-Lewis] 403

Lawrence Gowing (Serpentine Gallery) [Frances Spalding] 403

Theatre *R. B. Sheridan: The Rivals* (Olivier Theatre) [Rosemary Ashton] 403

Author, Author *Shaw and Biography* Michael Holroyd

Poems by Tom Paulin, Peter Redgrove

Letters on Einstein, 'Unipol', The Asiatic Mode of Production, etc

Criminal proceedings T. J. Blayon

Paperbacks in brief.

BIOGRAPHY

DEWEY GANZEL

Fortune and Men's Eyes: The Career of John Payne Collier
433pp, Oxford University Press. £15.
019 2122312

John Payne Collier, the scholar-forgery, was one of the most eminent Shakespearean editors of the nineteenth century. In the period between the death of Edmund Malone in 1812 and the rise of the "new bibliography", perhaps, if one includes the traditionally contiguous fields of Tudor and Stuart drama, poetry and popular literature, he was the most eminent of them all. His life spanned ninety-four years (1789-1883), and he wrote, or edited, or contributed to some ninety-five separately printed works, many of which are still of great service. His industry alone made him legendary in his time, but his output is remarkable also for the quality of its basic intentions and the wealth of new matter and good judgment in its commentary. As a publicist of the Shakespearean past he added formidably both to the refinement of scholarship and to the spread of its appeal, to the extent that in his mid-career even the popular press (of which he was bred a representative) covered such matters in astonishing detail. He was a minor poet, a friend of Lamb, Hazlitt, Crab Robinson, Wordsworth and Coleridge, an underpaid journalist most of his life, an uniling administrator of the antiquarian publications of the 1830s onward, a library adviser and an agent of collectors; but never was he honoured and caressed as he had hoped, or rewarded enough by privilege and pension to enjoy growing very old. His accumulated authority made him respected and feared, even hated, but never rich or "established", and he wound up a long life in comparative obscurity, bitter about it and about himself. He had deserved better at the beginning; he did not wholly deserve what became of him.

Collier's positive achievements were, first, the rediscovery or re-evaluation of underestimated writers and books, and the propagation of relatively sound modern versions of dozens of inaccessible texts; second, the assembly of bibliographical and descriptive data for hundreds of other works, printed and manuscript, and for them again, the presentation of his findings in a popular form; and third, critical and editorial work on Shakespeare, Spenser, early English ballads, poetry and entertainments like the Punch and Judy tradition, which he was the first to explore - in many instances superior to that of any of his contemporaries.

What set Collier apart from his contemporaries, however, was not wholly his merit, and what diminishes - or even vitiates - many of his achievements is not simply the passage of time. Collier was a phenomenally active forger of literary evidence, mainly to support his own independent conjectures, and as such the most remarkable and most dangerous of modern times. He is often called "impudent" or "shameless", as if his forgery were a matter of arrogance, so presumptuous and contemptible as only to be deplored and dismissed. But the impositions he perpetrated are anything but trivial, and so pervasive are they that even today they affect our reading and our understanding of the period he championed. This may be hard to believe, but Dewey Ganzel's biography has come along to make perfectly clear, by unconscious example, just how insidious Collier's fabrications can still be.

The fabrications are many and scattered, either in actual manuscript or - more devastating - in printed supposed reports, based on nothing we now know. They apparently include corruption, by forged insertion, of the great theatrical records at Dulwich College (Henslowe's Diary), of the registers of the Stationers' Company (a prime source for all research into early printed books), of theatrical and other ballads (ballads often all his own invention), of the accepted text of Shakespeare, Spenser and Coleridge, and of the notional authorship, auspices, or venue of several plays and other books by faked "contemporary" ascriptions. The most prominent, most outrageous (but not in practice the most deceptive) of Collier's projects occupied much of his own later life, and continues to preoccupy the biographer: a scrappy copy of the Second Folio of Shakespeare's plays (1632), now known as the Perkins Folio from the signature - forged or not - of a 'Tho. Perkins across its cover, which was prepared with a great abundance of marginal corrections in handwriting designed, deliberately, to be taken as seventeenth-century. Perkins or his predecessor, the

Igor Stravinsky

His Life, Works and Views

Mikhail Druskin

Translated by MARTIN COOPER

This is a unique study in that the author is a leading Russian-musicologist with a special interest in the music of Western Europe. Professor Druskin brings to his own experience of Russian musical life and as a Schenker pupil in Berlin in the 1930s, as well as using a rich variety of sources. £13.50 net

071009412 2, Profusely illustrated £8.95 21 April

071009473 6 paperback £4.50 14 April

071009289 X, 586 pages £25 10 March

International Library of Sociology

Comparative Studies

S C HUMPHREYS

University College, London

071009322 5 £15 10 March

International Library of Anthropology

Routledge & Kegan Paul

39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

071009412 2, Profusely illustrated £8.95 21 April

071009473 6 paperback £4.50 14 April

071009289 X, 586 pages £25 10 March

International Library of Sociology

Comparative Studies

S C HUMPHREYS

University College, London

071009322 5 £15 10 March

International Library of Anthropology

Routledge & Kegan Paul

39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

A new victim for the Old Corrector

Arthur Freeman

annotator, was named 'the Old Corrector' by Collier, and the name has stuck. Collier himself 'discovered' and himself owned this artefact until he gave it away (or sold it) to the Duke of Devonshire in 1853, and upon it he based one full-length book and in large part two lavish editions of Shakespeare's Works. The Perkins emendations and their closely kept proprietorship occasioned tremendous scholarly furor, an acrimonious reaction and counter-reaction in print and in literary society, and eventually the disgrace of Collier, who survived the beginning of the episode by forty years. The Folio itself is certainly one of the most spectacular of modern forgeries: for it is just that from cover to cover - a mid-nineteenth-century hoax - and it engaged a generation of scholars in highly unprofitable wrangling. It set Collier's enemies to seek other examples of his tampering, and it led others to waste years in his defence. Most of Collier's other fabrications have been shadowed by this one, but the question for the biographer goes deeper and earlier: what makes a man do this sort of thing? And what is life like when you do it and are caught?

Collier has very much deserved a biography more elaborate than that by G. F. Warner in the *DNB*, or the good chapters by S. Schoenbaum in *Shakespeare's Lives* (1970). Indeed, prior accounts of him have been largely devoted to totting up his offences; some understanding of "why a man of Collier's obvious ability and achievements would have committed forgery" (as Ganzel proposed, before changing his thrust) would be interesting to have. But having addressed himself to this problem, which is the central one for any such biography, this biographer immediately abandons it, and simply abandons it for one startling reason: Collier, he maintains, is innocent of all charges of forgery, and guiltless of virtually everything but credulity and having enemies. That thesis dominates Ganzel's book; indeed, his book is little other than a sustained exposition of it, with data chosen in illustration of it, and characterizations and accounts of events dependent upon it. "A detective story," he calls it; but it is one in which the evidence is fitted to the solution, and where testimony which only Collier's real guilt would illuminate is degraded or suppressed. Ganzel implements his hypothesis

with a great deal of special pleading, especially about motivation ("If Collier had wanted... why would he have...?" etc) and the effects of rivalry, as well as exhaustive if sometimes misrepresentative précis of the querulous pamphleteering which surrounds more than one of Collier's enterprises. The latter give a persuasive impression of a hostile climate, one in which Collier might be unfairly convicted, but to the task of exonerating him (for the cumulative verdict has never really been questioned, even by Collier) Ganzel brings only a very selective body of evidence. That this evidence has impressed several early reviewers of this biography is not altogether surprising, for Ganzel gives no hint of the weight or breadth of the case against Collier, and almost no account of the physical evidence which remains to condemn him. Concentrating on the Perkins Folio (nearly half the book is devoted to it) he skips the other charges so much as to suggest, for a reader who doesn't know otherwise, that they are gratuitous additions to the one great slander, few and inconsequential. In fact they are many, major and if anything more pernicious than the script of the Perkins Folio, for the latter has long been discounted, whereas the others still lay serious traps for modern scholars.

But the Folio is the star of the book, and Ganzel gives over 200 pages to a close account of Collier's alleged discovery of it, his publication of the notes, the controversy over their "ownership", their authenticity and the subsequent career of the volume. Only ten pages, however, are devoted to a firsthand physical description of the book, and half of them are geared to accusations of further tampering, against the staff of the British Museum, which I simply haven't space to refute. What pages 339-44 say is really the sum total of Ganzel's arguments about the Folio itself (as opposed to the uproar) and these must be considered in detail, because his whole thesis is pitched upon them.

The Making of a Ruling Class

The Glamorgan Gentry 1640-1790

PHILIP JENKINS

A major study of the social and political history of Glamorgan, between the Civil War and the Industrial Revolution - a period for which there are relatively few local studies. The author shows how Britain's two 'revolutions' might have been connected, and describes how local elites from remote corners of the country became amalgamated into one new ruling class. £28.00 net

071009412 2, Profusely illustrated £8.95 21 April

071009473 6 paperback £4.50 14 April

071009289 X, 586 pages £25 10 March

International Library of Sociology

Comparative Studies

S C HUMPHREYS

University College, London

071009322 5 £15 10 March

International Library of Anthropology

Routledge & Kegan Paul

39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

071009412 2, Profusely illustrated £8.95 21 April

071009473 6 paperback £4.50 14 April

071009289 X, 586 pages £25 10 March

International Library of Sociology

Comparative Studies

S C HUMPHREYS

University College, London

071009322 5 £15 10 March

International Library of Anthropology

Routledge & Kegan Paul

39 Store Street, London WC1

RKP

Wagner Rehearsing the 'Ring'

An Eye-Witness Account of the Stage Rehearsals of the First Bayreuth Festival

HEINRICH FORGES

Translated by ROBERT L. JACOBS

Wagner asked Forges, an able writer as well as a musician, to follow all my rehearsals very closely and note down everything I say, even the smallest details, about the interpretation and performance, so that a tradition goes down in writing. Forges' account takes the form of a blow-by-blow commentary on the stage action as it unfolds: fascinating reading for anyone who knows and loves the Ring. £9.95 net

Consigned to extermination

Abraham Brumberg

YISRAEL GUTMAN

The Jews of Warsaw, 1939-1943: Ghetto, Underground, Revolt

Translated from the Hebrew by Ina Friedman
487pp. Brighton: Harvester. £25.
0 7108 0411 3

When the Germans entered Warsaw on September 30, 1939, there were nearly 360,000 Jews - almost one-third of the total population - living in the already ravaged Polish capital. Like their Gentile neighbours, the Jews could expect no mercy from the (to quote a contemporary diary) "well fed, sleek and fat" conquerors. Indeed, within a few days the armed representatives of the Herrenvolk were amusing themselves on the streets of Warsaw by forcing well-dressed Jewish women to clean latrines with their underwear, plucking the beards of Orthodox Jews, and engaging in sundry other high-spirited pastimes - frequently to the obvious delight of the non-Jewish onlookers. More ominously, the Wehrmacht began to round up thousands of Jews for forced labour, and to confiscate Jewish property - sporadically at first, and increasingly with exemplary Tautonic thoroughness. But not even in their most gruesome nightmares could anyone imagine that these acts of wistful sadism were but an innocent prelude to what Hitler, in January 1939, had boastfully described as "the eventual annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe", and that within four years the Warsaw Jewish community would be no more, its homes razed by bombs and artillery fire, its members either murdered in the gas ovens of Treblinka and Majdanek or slaughtered in a last-ditch attempt to save their honour, if not their lives.

The Jews of Warsaw, 1939-1943 is the story of those four fateful years. It is a work of supreme scholarship, whose shattering impact derives in no small measure from the well-nigh dispassionate manner in which the author musters, presents and examines his evidence. Nowhere within its nearly 500 densely packed pages will the reader find any reference to the author's own experience. Yet Yisrael Gutman, a distinguished historian associated with the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, himself lived in the Warsaw Ghetto, and took part in the tragic uprising of April 1943. The fact that he did not yield to the all-too-human penchant for personal retrospection, but chose to rely exclusively on "credited sources" (German, Polish, Jewish) and on carefully cross-checked interviews is a tribute to his own integrity and to the results of his prodigious labours. The book covers the subject as no other volume has hitherto - and is unlikely ever to be surpassed.

A work so unique in texture and detail is difficult to summarize. Let me, instead, dwell on only a few of its most striking features. One of them is surely the painstaking depiction of life in the Warsaw Ghetto, which was formally established in November 1940, and which was reduced to three small areas containing about 50,000 inhabitants after the mass deportation of most of the Jews to death camps in the eastern reaches of the Generalgouvernement in the summer of 1942. It provides a thorough account of suffering on the one hand, and of the efforts made by the steadily shrinking Jewish community to maintain at least a modicum of organized existence, and to keep its collective body and mind alive, on the other. Under appalling conditions of mass starvation and epidemics - which the Jewish doctors, with virtually no access to medical supplies, found difficult to contain - of lack of elementary necessities, including fuel and clothing, and of the pervasive sense of isolation (radio were confiscated, and mail severely censored), the Jews of Warsaw nevertheless managed to create a network of charitable and "self-help" institutions, to provide their children with some education, to stage cultural events such as poetry readings, dramatic performances, scholarly lectures and the like, and to erect a

flourishing political underground, dominated by the Jewish socialist Bund and various left-wing Zionist (mostly youth) organizations.

There was, of course, another side to the Ghetto's social fabric, less attractive, even repellent: the detested Jewish police, the curious institution of "Thirteen", which combined various administrative and police functions with ostensible charitable activities, and whose officials were motivated by little more than personal greed and lust for power, and finally the notorious *Judenrat*. The last of these, despite the honourable motives of some of its members (among them its head, Adam Czerniakow), in effect served as an instrument of the Nazi design for the extermination of Warsaw's Jews - including, in the end, the *Judenrat* members themselves. Side by side with the paper-covered corpses and tattered wrecks staggering through the streets of the Ghetto there were restaurants and cafés catering to the upper crust (privileged officials and a handful of people who managed to hold on to their Orthodox Jewish, and engaging in sundry other high-spirited pastimes - frequently to the obvious delight of the non-Jewish onlookers. More ominously, the Wehrmacht began to round up thousands of Jews for forced labour, and to confiscate Jewish property - sporadically at first, and increasingly with exemplary Tautonic thoroughness. But not even in their most gruesome nightmares could anyone imagine that these acts of wistful sadism were but an innocent prelude to what Hitler, in January 1939, had boastfully described as "the eventual annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe", and that within four years the Warsaw Jewish community would be no more, its homes razed by bombs and artillery fire, its members either murdered in the gas ovens of Treblinka and Majdanek or slaughtered in a last-ditch attempt to save their honour, if not their lives.

A question that for years has preoccupied layman and scholar alike is why so many Jews allowed themselves to be killed, rising against their satanic oppressors only at the very end. I confess I find the very wording of this question offensive, implicitly assuming as it does that armed revolt is the only form of opposition to evil, and ignoring the fact that (as Gutman's study so convincingly demonstrates) plans for armed resistance were conceived and executed before the final Armageddon. It is true, none the less, that most of the organized resistance came months after the death camps began operating, and it is legitimate to examine why this was so. Gutman's explanations are so compelling as to make one hope that this question will never be raised again. To begin with he cites the work of the French historian Henri Michel, which shows that the behaviour of Jews did not differ essentially from that of other "severely oppressed" groups during the Second World War - e.g. forced labourers transferred to Germany, prisoners of war, and inmates of concentration camps. All of them were "presumably... the most strongly motivated towards spontaneous resistance", yet they were "for the most part, conspicuously resigned to their fate", having been subjected to a shock of such magnitude as to blunt their perceptions of reality, erode their will, and imbue them with "an astonishing degree of tolerance and submission".

To be sure, the position of the Jews was unique: no other people (with the exception of the gypsies, who had virtually no tradition of social and institutional cohesiveness) was consigned to total extermination. The Orthodox community had its own concept of heroism, which was the dignified acceptance of sacrifice for the greater glory of God (*Kiddush Hashem*). Most of the others, however (and it must be emphasized that - pace all the contemporary celebrations of the Jewish community was to a very large extent a secular and modern) opposed the idea of armed rebellion, advocated by the left-wing parties and youth movements, for more pragmatic reasons, and above all because they could not - as indeed who could? - believe that the Nazis were bent on their annihilation. The Germans went to extraordinary lengths to disguise the real aim of the deportations, assuring their helpless captives that they were being sent to labour camps where they would all be housed, fed and looked after. To accept these assurances was a sane, an act of faith in the elementary values of Western civilization. To oppose the deportations, with no weapons at one's disposal, was to risk certain death. Even when the first news about the death camps reached the residents of the Ghetto, they were rejected as

figments of inflamed imaginations. The human mind could not assimilate such evil. To be treated like *Untermenschen* was, however dreadful and humiliating, part of the Jewish experience. To be considered vermin was beyond human understanding.

There was yet another factor that contributed to the erosion of Jewish will and spirit, and that was the behaviour of the surrounding population. The attitude of the Poles toward the systematic persecution and extermination of the Jewish community has been the subject of many contentious (and frequently sanctimonious) claims made by émigré and Communist Poles alike, and at the same time of exaggerated accusations by Jewish survivors. It is a subject which merits special consideration, but suffice it to say that Gutman's carefully balanced treatment and documentation make palpably clear that the bulk of the Polish populace regarded the fate of their Jewish neighbours with indifference at best, with outright hostility at worst. There were, indeed, some luminous exceptions, all the more impressive in view of the fact that any active help given to Jews was punishable by death, often of the culprit's family as well. Gutman notes and pays tribute to those Poles who, for humanitarian, religious and ideological reasons, risked their lives in order to snatch yet another victim from the enemy maw. One might wish that Gutman had said

Mary's martyred militiaman

Peter Hebblethwaite

DIANA DEWAR

Saint of Auschwitz: The Story of Maksymilian Kolbe

146pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. £4.55.
0 232 51574 3

Of the millions who perished at Auschwitz, Maksymilian Kolbe has become the best known. He was a Polish Conventual Franciscan priest who gave his life so that a married man might live. Starved in an airless, windowless bunker for two weeks, he encouraged his companions with prayers and hymns and held out his arms for the injection of phenol that killed him on the vigil of the Assumption, 1941. He was forty-seven. Of his supreme heroism and holiness there can be no doubt. He was canonized by Pope John Paul on October 10 last year.

The publicity material calls this "the first major biography of the new saint". It is true that there are no competitors in English. The had-out further explains that the author "as an Englishwoman, Anglican and non-linguist... was not best qualified for the task". But what she lacked in background knowledge she made up for by enthusiasm and empathy. She was driven "by an extraordinary compulsion to make her journey around Kolbe". Her principal sources are the friars who lived with him at Niepokalanów and a few survivors of Auschwitz, including Fraciszek Olszowski, the man whose life he saved. These are all witnesses for whom Kolbe is self-evidently a hero and a saint.

The result is that the book belongs to hagiography rather than to history. No doubt that is what is needed at this time, but one senses a missed opportunity for Kolbe's sanctity, which is not in question, becomes more interesting if it is admitted that he came from a very odd background and held the most peculiar theological views. In the end, the devil's advocate strengthens the case for Kolbe's canonization by making sure it is thoroughly tested; but in this book, he is fast asleep.

Here are some of the oddities that might have aroused his curiosity. As a child, Kolbe was "not allowed to speak to girls without specific reason". At ten he had a vision of the Immaculate One (his preferred name for Mary) who predicted a life of purity crowned by

rather more about the Council for Aid to Jews (Zegota), which was established in Warsaw in late 1942. But he generously acknowledges the fact that for many Poles, both intellectuals and simple "villagers and townfolk", the "aid and rescue of Jews per se became an all-consuming mission".

He also shows the other side: the resilience of antisemitic prejudices among most Poles, and even more importantly the fact that the London-based Polish Government as well as its armed forces inside Poland (the Home Army - AK) were shockingly remiss in failing both to alert world opinion to the mass murder of the Jews (this despite heart-rending pleas from Poland), and to offer any assistance, either by hiding and sheltering the victims or by supplying the fighters with more than a handful of (largely unusable) weapons. This situation changed after the first battles in January 1943, and more markedly so after the outbreak of the uprising two months later. But even after this remarkable display of courage (which, according to a publication of the Home Army, demonstrated that the Jews, hitherto atoned in "their racial materialism", finally changed their "completely passive attitude"), the Home Army contented itself with little more than ardent declarations. In fact, the revolt was partly viewed as a Communist and Russian plot designed to precipitate an untimely insurrection by the Polish population at large.

martyrdom: this was revealed by his mother only after his death. At sixteen he was recruited into the Franciscans along with his brother. When the two of them were thus disposed of, his parents separated. His mother became gatekeeper in a convent; his father entered the Franciscans - but he left to join Pilsudski's Legions and was hanged by the Russians in 1914.

By now Maksymilian was in Rome where he "invented a spaceship", obtained two doctorates by the age of twenty-one, suffered from tuberculosis and wanted to meet the Grand Master of the Roman Freemasons in order to convert him. A wise superior dissuaded him. Another superior perceptively remarked that he was "always trying to attack the moon with a spade".

Already Kolbe had embarked on his life's work: he had founded the "Militia of Mary Immaculate". In Inter-war Poland he was best known as Guardian of Niepokalanów, the City of Mary Immaculate, where dwelt 762 friars. They dedicated themselves in conditions of considerable poverty to turning out popular publications to spread the cause. Though a peaceable man, Kolbe saw life in military terms: Niepokalanów was the "arsenal", those who joined the militia became "knights", the publications were his "big guns" and he always had a plentiful supply of "bullets" (the "Miraculous Medal"). Missions he saw as "invasions". In 1930 he invaded Japan and despite total ignorance of the language and culture published his magazine in Japanese and opened another "City of the Immaculate" at Nagasaki.

Still this was not enough for his restless spirit. As Mrs Dewar puts it: "He had time to look at the map of the world above his desk. It was India that beckoned." So off he went. The war put a stop to it all. He turned Niepokalanów into a refuge for displaced persons, including Jews. He was arrested as an "intellectual" and Gestapo officer who came to collect him. So he moved towards his heroic, inevitable, inspiring and atrocious death at Auschwitz.

Mrs Dewar never raises an eyebrow as she unfolds this remarkable tale. She seems to regard his attitudes as typical of Polish piety, requiring no explanation. Her Anglican generosity and trust in his friends lead to the extraordinary remark that "his Marian vocation was a precursor of Vatican II". One can judge of this by some of the positions he held - none of them reported in this book.

The final chapters of Gutman's book are devoted to an exhaustively detailed account of the uprising in the Ghetto, which began on April 19, 1943, and which lasted, fitfully, for some six to seven weeks - that is, well into June. As Gutman notes, "it took the Germans longer to quell the Warsaw ghetto uprising than it had taken them to defeat entire countries". What emerges so starkly from the account is that while the number of actual combatants was about 750 (500 from the ranks of the left-wing Zionists, Bundists and Communists, and 250 representing the right-wing Revisionist Zionists), it was actually the whole population of the Ghetto, including some "wildcat" groups not affiliated with any political organization, which participated in the resistance. By that time there were no voices clamouring for caution or compliance. It was obvious that the Germans were out to massacre the rest of the Jewish community, and the 50,000 Ghetto inhabitants were determined to resist them, some with weapons (mostly home-made Molotov cocktails), some by hiding in underground passages and bunkers that had been constructed the weeks preceding the final German onslaught. It was a struggle to the death - and it ended in the death of almost all of the desperate, abandoned and tenacious remnant of what had once been the most populous Jewish community in Poland. The Jews of Warsaw, 1939-1943, is an enduring monument to their martyrdom.

He had vowed to become "the exclusive, unconditional, absolute, irrevocable property of the Immaculate One". He regarded himself as "her instrument, her thing" and prayed to be "transubstantiated into her, so that there remains only her". He revived the medieval thesis that Mary's mercy was a corrective to God's implacable justice: "The Immaculate One will cover us with her cloak before God's justice".

One hopes that the devil's advocate enquired politely about the orthodoxy of such statements (and there are many more in the same vein). Nor does one meet the objection by saying that his canonization vindicates his theology, for he was canonized as a martyr, not as a doctor of the Church.

The second major criticism of Kolbe is that he was antisemitic. Mrs Dewar is well aware of this and counters it with his "memorable" orders at an editorial conference: "Nothing must be published unless it could carry the byline of the Immaculate One." In fact there is somewhat clearer evidence of Kolbe's personal position in a letter, not quoted here, dated July 12, 1935.

It was addressed from Nagasaki to the editors of *Moly Dzienik* (the *London Daily*) which had been founded in May of that year. It was close to the spirit of Roman Dmowski's National Constitution forbids any state to "keep troops, or ships, or war in time of peace, and limits to two years at a time the government's power to raise money in support of federal armed forces. Yet warfare gave American novelists their first native material, their first "usable history". Fanlore Cooper, though he was to complain that America had "no annals for the historian" (or for the historical romancer), based *The Spy* (1821), his first novel with an American setting, on the events of the Revolutionary War, then rapidly receding into his country's "annals", and he returned to the war in *The Pilot* (1824) and *Lionel Lincoln* (1825) even as he was hostile to them. In general I would rather strive to develop Polish commerce and industry than to atomize Jews."

Diana Dewar thinks Kolbe was a "modern man" because he used modern machinery ("Bristol and press"), founded a radio station and had two of his friars trained as pilots. But he is being seen as a medieval man who was destroyed by a distorted modern ideology. His real greatness is that he won a victory for the spirit over brutal and brutalizing force. And there were witnesses. But he is a rather more disturbing and puzzling figure than his hagiography allow.

A pilgrim in Flanders

Dominic Hibberd

RUPERT HART-DAVIS (Editor)

Siegfried Sassoon Diaries

288pp. Faber. £10.50.

0 571 11997 2

The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon

160pp. Faber. £5.25.

0 571 13010 0

SEIGRIED SASSOON

Sherston's Progress

150pp. Faber. £2.25.

0 571 13033 X

Sir Rupert Hart-Davis's edition of Sassoon's 1915-18 diaries matches the high standards of the 1920-22 volume which he produced two years ago. It is a third record of Sassoon's war experiences to set beside the memoirs of "George Sherston" and the poems. Sherston emerges from the comparison as a dull fellow; Sassoon himself got bored with him. *Sherston's Progress* was just released as a paperback, but without the notes that would clearly be useful and took to copying directly from the 1918 diary. Much more of the "progress" can now be followed in the person of the original pilgrim. His story is not so much a study in war and politics as an account of a soul's journey; Sassoon was always a religious writer, though not always a good one. Religious questing is evident in *The War Poems*, also edited by Hart-Davis, a new collection of all the war pieces which Sassoon published and some previously unknown ones.

Sassoon kept a diary partly "to bring the hour back to me vivid and true", partly to steady his mind in the face of death. In 1915, he consciously follows Brooke into willing sacrifice but also notes, less predictably, to Vaughan, "going him on 'dazzling darkness'". His tendency to mysticism made Brooke's attitude attractive and kept

him reading authors like Vaughan and Bunyan throughout the war. The recurrent nature imagery (light, pools, rivers) in the non-satirical war poems is post-Romantic clutter unless one can allow it to have a mystical function. It has more scope in the diaries, where lyrical descriptions outnumber the battle scenes. As in Hardy and Eliot, two of his favourite authors, human suffering is set into a hauntingly beautiful landscape (he reads *Tess* before the Somme).

Hardy taught Sassoon pity and irony, and delight in simple nature, but it was Edward Carpenter who freed him to accept and use his sexuality. Carpenter does not appear in these diaries, but there is a brief mention of "G.N.". Hart-Davis does not provide one of his helpful footnotes, but J. G. Nicholson was a leading figure in the half-secret world of "Uranian" poetry. In a 1917 letter to Nicholson (now at Harvard), Sassoon said that the best of his war poetry showed his search for beauty, compassion and friendship. These are typical of the Uranian values preached by Carpenter. Sassoon often reminds himself in the diaries to look for beauty, finding it in the landscape and, increasingly, in the faces of soldiers. One of the most moving passages is his lament for David Thomas (killed in March 1916), who, as Hart-Davis notes, was Sherston's "Dick Titwood" and the subject of several poems. There is no footnote for Sherston's closest pre-war friend, "Stephen Colwood", whose death in 1915 gives dramatic emphasis to Sherston's departure for the trenches, but his original must be Gordon Harbord (of Colwood Park), who was actually killed in August 1917. Harbord is the subject of "Together", a poem ascribed to January 1918 in *The War Poems* on the strength of a diary entry; an early copy (in Texas) is dated August 1917. But there is no diary for the second half of 1917, so one has to guess about many matters, including Sassoon's grief for Harbord.

The first satirical poem, "In the Trenches", dates from February 1916, well before the Somme and before the diary really begins to show its author's anger at the war. There is a gap from August to December 1916, which is unfortunate because it conceals the thoughts and meetings which prompted his rebellion; when the narrative starts again, he is savage about everything. The 1917 lucra is still more to be regretted, since it covers his famous protest, his treatment by Dr Rivers at Craiglockhart, his friendship with Wilfred Owen and his decision to return to the fighting. Hart-Davis does the best he can by providing a selection of letters, including some splendid responses to the protest from such people as Carpenter ("Well done, good and faithful!"), Arnold Bennett ("we chaps over age... are better able to judge the war as a whole than you are"), Ottoline Morrell ("tremendously fine") and Robert Ross ("quite appalled"). But the letters from Sassoon do not fully bring out the misery he felt at "Dotyville" or his worship of Rivers, the man who succeeded in calming his rage. The doctor's significant surname is the only one of a major character that is not altered by Sherston, and in a 1918 poem Sassoon describes his eyes as "hooded of sense; Craiglockhart was a Slough of Despond, but Rivers was there to direct the pilgrim's course."

Sassoon's output at Craiglockhart is not fully apparent from *The War Poems*, which puts too many 1917 poems among 1918 work for want of research into obscure but existing evidence. Though the volume is welcome and well presented, it could have been more thorough. No variant or cancelled readings are given, though Sassoon's letters contain some interesting ones. The choice of poems from the diaries is unexplained; some lively ones are left out, while "Return" somehow slips in without a footnote although Sassoon dismissed it as "entirely artificial emotionalism". No

mention is made of other poems still in manuscript, such as some alarmingly purple ones sent to Robert Nichols or an important little farewell to protest in 1918. There are no references to Sassoon's published comments on individual poems; some hitherto unpublished notes are given in a vacuum (do they date from the 1950s, when he turned to Rome?).

Many of the familiar poems can be reinforced by cross-reference to the diaries; "Base Details", for instance, matches a bitter account of "guzzlers" at Rouen (and contrasts with Sherston's milder version). Sometimes a poem illuminates the diary. For instance, the entry for Easter Sunday 1916 records "Paradise, and God, and the promise of life" as the fruits of a woodland walk. Sherston doesn't clarify this (he was in the trenches that day, of course), but "The Last Meeting" describes the same walk and reveals that its intensity came from an encounter with David Thomas, newly dead but resurrected in nature. "Paradise" suggests that Thomas is the subject of "Invocation", where the diction seems just a little less hackneyed than it used to be: "Come down from heaven and bring me in your eyes... stillness from the pools of Paradise". And that sends one back to the lament for Thomas, with its finely reticent memory of August 1915 when the two officers had "lived together for four weeks in Pembroke College in rooms where the previous occupant's name, Paradise, was written above the door". "Soldier David dressed in green" was the pilgrim's version of beauty and truth in 1916; by 1918, all soldiers, living and dead, had coalesced into "one soul... the tradition of suffering humanity...".

These diaries make fascinating reading and they add to Sassoon's stature; he never wrote the great poem that could have emerged from his 1918 vision, but the raw materials remain for other writers to use.

Calls to arms

Stephen Fender

JEFFREY WALSH

Americana War Literature: 1914 to Vietnam

216pp. Macmillan. £15.

0 353 26149 6

For a country whose founding documents place such limits on the development and maintenance of a professional army, the United States has had a surprisingly rich and lengthy history of military fiction. The Declaration of Independence complained of the "bitterness of colonial standing armies in time of peace"; the Constitution forbids any state to "keep troops, or ships, or war in time of peace, and limits to two years at a time the government's power to raise money in support of federal armed forces. Yet warfare gave American novelists their first native material, their first "usable history". Fanlore Cooper, though he was to complain that America had "no annals for the historian" (or for the historical romancer), based *The Spy* (1821), his first novel with an American setting, on the events of the Revolutionary War, then rapidly receding into his country's "annals", and he returned to the war in *The Pilot* (1824) and *Lionel Lincoln* (1825) even as he was hostile to them. In general I would rather strive to develop Polish commerce and industry than to atomize Jews."

So Jeffrey Walsh's subject is an important one, even if some of it has already been treated in J. W. Aldridge's *After the Last Generation* (1951) and Stanley Copperman's *World War I and the American Novel* (1967). He has not set out to write a "comprehensive survey", he says in his preface, but "a series of arguments and analyses". Treating the poets of the First World War, Walsh contrasts the romantics like Alan Seeger and Joyce Kilmer, who took the war seriously as an idealistic project, and modernists

like Pound and E. E. Cummings, whose method was more oblique and tone considerably more ironic. The romantics expressed themselves in capitalized abstractions such as "Dedication", "Freedom" and "Liberty", while Pound went in for abstractions, as the Imagist Manifesto commanded, and Cummings erased capitals altogether, except for adverbial references to trade names ("Oilette Razor Blades") and the name of his vernacular hero, Olaf the conscientious objector.

The novelists of the Great War were ready enough to fall in with the mythology of the lost generation. Walsh says that Faulkner's *Soldier's Pay* studies species of disillusion "like classical examples". Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*, mysteriously and ludicrously, traces the glamour and social iconoclasm of the jazz age to the War, epitomized by Rosalind, who "smokes sometimes, drinks punch" and is "frequently kissed".

For some American novelists one war was not enough. Hemingway treated the Spanish Civil War as something of a *paella* western, posing the individual adventurer against a backdrop of an arid wilderness. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls* the exertion of animals and the terrorism of the lone protagonist are made important than large-scale troop movements. Robert Jordan may be "western" in his distrust of ideology, but the lessons he learns have more to do with human society than anything picked up by the traditional cowboy or outlaw. Few of the enemy are "real fascists"; both sides commit atrocities. Jordan is aware of his imperfect grasp of Spanish culture.

The Second World War changed all that. As it did so much more. Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* has no hero, no education, no redemptive love, no regeneration through violence - just violence. In this book, says Walsh acutely, "America becomes infused by the historical moment and

transforms fascism into kinetic energy", and the army supplies the model for authoritarian structures in the America of the future. Other novelists, like James Jones and James O'Connell, set their best-known work in military camps, away from the battle. *From Here to Eternity* takes place in the Scottie Barracks on Oahu, just before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, where "the real enemy is hard to find", and the officers are "bunglers, scorched on no-fascist" (no-fascists in 1941?). Private Prewitt is a hero of sorts, but his fight is with his own army.

By 1970 over half of all American adult males had seen military service, and the military-industrial machine had reached deep into the pockets even of those who had never been called up. For this readership a second generation of Second World War novels began to treat of the bureaucracy of war. *Catch 22* turns in on the communications process itself, the farcically circular logic by which the complex military organism is administered. In *Slaughterhouse-Five*, even the higher strategy becomes absurdly self-validating (Dresden was bombed to show that Dresden could be bombed), while scenes of real warfare are treated obliquely or elided altogether. Conscious readers read his book as an allegory of Vietnam, as he intended they should, and some of those who fought there were also interested in what had happened to the language of common sense. Michael Herr's *Dispatches*, eschewing fiction for documentary, struggles against the "anti-language" of the media with its own slang derived from direct culture.

Walsh's book covers its ground in a workmanlike way, but his narrative seems a trifle nerveless at times. A promising chapter treats *Men in Battle*, by Alvin Karpis, the American Marxist who fought in the Lincoln Brigade, alongside *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Hemingway's novel, which is a good enough book, as far as it goes, but there are other stories to be told about its subject.

struggle in Spain". Why? How? By what criterion of truth? The comparison between two different accounts of the same events - one fictional and proceeding by a kind of inward meditation, the other documentary and ideologically committed - is never developed, and Walsh misses the chance to contrast two kinds of narrative "education".

I would like some comment, too, on the marginal combat status of the First World War authors treated here. The most romantic were the hardest fighters, apparently - Kilmer was killed in the Second Battle of the Marne, after all - whereas the better-known ironists tended to be ambulance drivers or reporters. Faulkner tried to enter the War as a pilot in the RCAF, but it was over before he saw action, and he later signed on as a deck-hand on a Europe-bound freighter, intending to tour the battle sites. *The Sun Also Rises*, not mentioned here, had an observer-hero who watches bullfights and cannot make love; but who is also on the inside, by no means a tourist. His war wound, the very thing that makes him a sexual observer, accredits his membership in that other society of solitaires who have fought and lived and know how to take Europe patiently.

Validating wounds are important, and not only in Hemingway. So are other kinds of humiliating impairment. Like imprisonment. Four of the best American war fictions are about someone who has been captured, rendered inactive, and become the victim of aggression from his own side in the conflict: E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room*, Pound's *The Plan Cantos*, Jones's *From Here to Eternity* and Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five*. Walsh does not mention *The Plan Cantos*, though he discusses *High Jive* by Selwyn Mauberley, with some solemnity as a poem about the First World War. *American War Literature* is a good enough book, as far as it goes, but there are other stories to be told about its subject.

The winner of The Triple First Award

DAVID WHELDON

The Viaduct

"The Viaduct is really a remarkable novel and I am amazed that it is a first one."

GRAHAM GREENE

"The Viaduct is not just a promising first novel. In its own right, and by any standards, it is a fascinating and original work of art. I still remember the book vividly long after reading it; this is the real test of fiction."

WILLIAM TREVOR

"... strange, original, gentle to read. Long ago, but never far away, Dante and Bunyan took readers on journeys more readily identifiable, not so very different."

GAY FIRTH, *The Times*

"... Wheldon writes a firm, controlled, spare prose."

HERMIONE LEE, *Observer*

"... it gripped me into belief, than to a certain awe."

ISABEL GIDDY, *Financial Times*

"... a haunting power."

NINA BAWDEN, *Daily Telegraph*

0 370 305191 25-95

The Other Man

Conversations with Graham Greene

Marie-françoise Allain

To make Graham Greene's real acquaintance it is necessary to look for him in his books. I think my books are my children, he frankly concedes. In his autobiographical works, *A Sort of Life* and *Ways of Escape*, he does, it is true, lift a corner of the veil. But we have had to wait till the publication of these unpublished, free-ranging conversations with the young French writer Marie-françoise Allain to discover the hidden Greene. He discusses his childhood, his travels and encounters, the genesis of his novels and plays, his religion, his inner world, with a freedom and candour which overcome his habitual reticence. This book is a fascinating voyage of discovery for the reader.

0 370 30488 3 26-95

Animals as Navigators

E. W. ANDERSON

In this book Wing Commander Anderson, an expert in human navigation, has written a comprehensive survey of our knowledge of animal navigation, drawing not only on the research of zoologists but also on the sophisticated disciplines of human aerial and marine navigation to throw intriguing new light on one of the most mysterious and remarkable features of the animal world.

0 370 30529 2 Illustrated 26-95

BODLEY HEAD

The comforts of bachelorhood

Humphrey Carpenter

CLYDE S. KILBY and MARJORIE LAMP MEAD (Editors)
 Brothers and Friends: The diaries of Major Warren Hamilton Lewis
 308pp. San Francisco: Harper and Row. \$15.95.
 0 06 04575 X

Warren ("Wamie") Lewis was by far the nicest man in his brother C. S. Lewis's "Inklings" circle at Oxford - John Wain said he was simply one of the most likeable people he'd ever met - and he played a kind of Pooch to C.S.L.'s Christopher Robin, with very occasional reversal of those roles. He was the elder of the two, avowedly not an intellectual (though the books of seventeenth-century French history he took to writing long in life, at C.S.L.'s prompting, show a very able mind), and he had in much simpler, more direct forms many of the idiosyncrasies and traits of character that marked C.S.L. out from the common Oxford herd.

Take women, for instance. It is hard to make out quite what C.S.L.'s feelings about them really were. He spent most of his adult life sharing a house with Mrs Moore, a mother-figure who may or may not have originally been his mistress, and after her death he astonished his friends by marrying Joy Davidman, who seemed to encapsulate everything he was frightened of (she was an ex-Communist Jewish American divorcee). His writings suggest that he feared but was fascinated by women. His brother Wamie remained a bachelor all his life, and never seems to have had even a single affair, nor does he appear to have been even remotely

homosexual; but quite clearly he was in a muddle about it. He describes himself in the diaries as "painfully shy" of them, yet on board ship he taught when a young lady offers to teach him how to iron his shirts (and is furious when an elderly bitch makes off with the iron and so breaks up the tête-à-tête), and at a bathing-place he admires the figure of a teenage girl. Then you turn the page and find this sort of thing:

The more one sees of women the more one realizes that they live in a world which is utterly different to, and largely repugnant to the male - which indeed is sufficiently obvious from the fact that if a woman does not attract a man sexually, his feeling towards her varies from detestation to mild boredom.

In fact the diaries suggest that a lot of the Lewis oddities were simply inherited by C.S.L. and Wamie from their Ulster relations. Their father, a Belfast solicitor named Albert Lewis, was a pretty advanced specimen of amiable craziness, specializing in prejudices that were (as Tolkien once said of C.S.L.'s own preconceptions) "impenetrable even by information". But apparently Albert was nothing compared to Uncle Gussie. Here is Wamie describing one encounter between Gussie and nephew Jack (as C.S.L. was always called):

During the course of the afternoon, the Einstein theory cropped up - Uncle Gussie had of course anticipated Einstein - and he said Jack had a long metaphysical argument about the nature of the atom. I remember being startled by Uncle G's assertion (agreed to by J) that there was remarkably little matter in the world.

Wamie Lewis was the sort of plump, vast-trousered, bald, spectacled and moustached bachelor whom one would

expect to find teaching at a not very good prep school. Until his mid-thirties he was an army officer, a Captain in the RASC; he took early retirement in 1933, and apart from a brief spell back in uniform at the start of World War Two, which acquired him the rank of Major, he spent the rest of his life pottering between C.S.L.'s rooms in Magdalen and the Lewis-Moore household at the Kilns, beneath Shotover Hill on the edge of Oxford. Perhaps the most appealing thing about the diaries is the portrait they give of this very gentle way of life, the old-style bachelor existence which almost nobody seems to manage these days. And there is plenty of action when the whole household goes on holiday (Mrs Moore snapping at everyone from the back seat of the car, Wamie getting licked off by Jack for criticizing her dogs being sick), or when Wamie and Jack escape from the Kilns for a walking tour in the Wye Valley, with results that resemble Laurel and Hardy more than George Borrow.

With the exception of some experiences in the war, I don't remember ever having a more damnable walk: we were in the narrow valley of the Afon Taregion, through which valley the wind roared in our faces, bringing a heavy rain with it, with such force that I had to walk bent nearly double. . . . I wanted to turn and make to Llanurig and stop the night, catching a train from Llanidloes the next day, but J wouldn't hear of it, and I felt I should have lost my temper if I tried to argue. Just when I had decided that this would be my last walking tour . . . an avar to be blessed man with a saloon car pulled up. . . .

Wamie set out to write the diary after reading Saint-Simon, Boswell and Pepys, but he had no ambitions for

the project other than to please himself, and apparently never contemplated publication. In fact he shared much of his brother's literary ability, having the same facility at drawing a certain kind of comforting English scene:

I ate some sandwiches and then caught a 7.30 train for Bulford. . . . As we trundled out on to the open plain with its vast expanse of sky, the insignificance and incongruousness of this little train became more and more pronounced. . . . Whenever we stopped at wayside stations the voices of people in the next compartment sounded startlingly loud in the evening hush, which was only broken by the larks and the "baa" of folded sheep.

His picture of the Moore-Lewis household at the Kilns gradually deteriorating from idyl to hell-hole as Mrs Moore became old and mad is unforgettable, and he is also very good on his brother's marriage, which he describes with reluctance, and even at times with plain jealousy of Joy Davidman for taking Jack away - his greatest fear, reiterated throughout the diary, is that Jack might predecease him; which indeed happened, and he had to spend the last decade of his life brotherless. Yet he is no Klavert, let alone a Peeps or Saint-Simon; he lacked that slightly manic quality which seems necessary for the creation of a really great diary, and he was also curiously lazy about performing the role of Boswell to his brother. The dust-jacket of the book proclaims it to be "An Intimate Portrait of C. S. Lewis", but this is fairly misleading. We get plenty of verbal snapshots of C.S.L., and a number of *obiter dicta*, but no attempt at a connected portrait, and, which is hard to forgive, only the most cursory accounts of Inklings evenings with Tolkien *et al*: usually no more than bare bones like this:

We talked of Bp Barnes, of the extraordinary difficulty of interesting the uneducated in religion: savage and primitive man and the common confusion between them: how far pagan mythology was a substitute for theology: law and panache.

Wamie Lewis bequeathed the diaries to Wheaton College, Illinois, and the founder of the collection which has, with one of his staff, been responsible for editing them for publication. Alas, editorial work has not always been done well: text and editorial matter sometimes become mixed up together, and there are unnecessary footnotes telling us who Gerard Manley Hopkins was, and who wrote *The Prelude*, while many minor Oxford figures and customs mentioned by the diarist go unexplained. It would have been nice, for example, if the reader had been told that "Victor", the hairdresser who spoke of "the great spiritual comfort the hymns bring him in Church on Sundays", was Victor Drew, proprietor of the High Street barber shop which served generations of Oxford men (and children; I remember only too well the painful nip of his clippers on the back of my neck). And then there is Miss Wibbeln, who appears in the diary as one of the lame ducks who gravitated to the Moore-Lewis house in the late 1920s. C.S.L. nicknamed her "Smudge"; the editors apparently know nothing about her, but I remember her as an Oxford music teacher thirty years later, who would ride a sombre black tricycle down Parks Road each weekday afternoon four twenty-five, so punctually that watches could be set by her; and I could have told them how appropriate the nickname was.

At present the book is available only in the US, which seems rather a pity.

The burden of reticence

Anne Duchêne

ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF

Blue Remembered Hills: A Recollection
 141pp. Bodley Head, £6.50
 0 370 30940 5

Autobiography, however much one may try to modify the fact, is essentially the raising of a monument to oneself: an impulse which society may long have acknowledged as legitimate and healthy; but which still runs counter to inherited traditions of modesty and reticence. Rosemary Sutcliff, an honourable retailer and teller of romance and epic, is the daughter of a naval officer, and a mother who taught her never to cry, always to conceal the fox beneath her cloak. Moreover, she was their only child, and physically handicapped. Deciding to record her early life - from infancy to the acceptance of her first book, in her early twenties - risks flouting the disciplines ingrained in her. It also means that we, the public, are invited to intrude on private griefs, and joys, without being fully admitted to more than one or two of them.

At most points where the story might be deemed remarkable, Miss Sutcliff's training usually denies its singularity. She was a victim of Still's Disease, a form of infantile arthritis which attacks the very young and burns itself out, leaving the small host-body subject to operations, spells in hospital, painful traction and treatments, and so on, while as much as possible is done to bring the afflicted members back into the true. Like all handicapped children, Miss Sutcliff says, she accepted these limitations: life wells up to fill whatever circumference it is allowed. Comparisons and complications only set in later.

Later, indeed, since she was, as she just allows herself to stress, as much prone to falling in love as those with limbs of more average efficiency - a blissful but doomed marriage of true love, just after the war, could find no consequence then (could it more easily now?) because of the discrepancies of

the flesh, or, in her case, more strictly, of the flesh and the bone. Miss Sutcliff also allows herself the thought that in a Moslem society she might have been the first wife, *prima inter pares*, and perfectly content to let others administer other comforts. This is the only point where feelings are strong enough to threaten the book's smooth surface, but it is not her intention to be contentious, and they are put down again - welcomed, even, as teaching her about feelings she could use later in her books.

Other limitations are accepted just as stoically. She and her mother lived in boarding-houses or rented cottages while her father was at sea, in naval quarters (often very pleasant ones, in Malta, Sheerness, Chatham) when he had a shore job. They finally settled in Devonshire, not very long before her father - seemingly a modest, moderate, unwarlike man - emerged from retirement to command war-time convoys. Some younger readers may marvel at the tenacity with which the tiny family unit held - how many altars there would be nowadays for its collapse! - but the texture of her disparate parents' relationship is never discussed.

Nor - a greater gap - is her mother, who seems likely from the illustrations, to have been as vividly lovely and changeable as her daughter says, but who remains a vast, imponderable, unassuaged presence in the background - trying to force her daughter to walk, or to read, delighting her, chastising her. One tries to imagine how life must have been, trailing after a nomadic husband with the accompanying anguish of a handicapped child, for a woman as volatile. "Volatile" is a polite word; her daughter suggests her mother's violent alternations of mood would nowadays be classified as manic-depressive, and the subject is virtually dismissed as early as page 14.

She was wonderful, no mother could have been more wonderful. But ever after, she demanded that I should not forget it, nor cease to be grateful, nor hold an opinion different from her own, nor even, as I grew older, feel the need for any companionship but hers. If this seems a terrible thing

to write, I can argue only that it is the truth, and if I left it comfortably unwritten, I could not give a true picture of our relationship, which was a very close one, almost as close at times as she thought it was, and as she would have liked it to be. But it was never, after the very early years, an easy one. Very few of the worthwhile things in this world are all that easy.

These grinds the authentic animosity which can exist between mother and daughter! - but the punches are plausibly pulled, as pre-war convention demanded, and the "true picture" of their relationship, never remotely emerges. The author has no aspirations as a female Edmund Gosse.

Given this, much of the book has to be taken up with accounts of aunts and uncles who are mostly acknowledged as - rather dull - of childhood friendships, by circumstance, feelings of family dogs, always marvellously tenderly recalled; and of early ecstasies over wild flowers. Education ended at fourteen. (There is one grateful description of childhood in Miss Beck's Academy at Chatham. Miss Beck, then aged eighty-six, daughter of a colonel, took only service children and "had no teaching qualifications whatsoever, save the qualifications of long experience and love", and Miss Sutcliff plainly would like to hear from fellow-pupils again.) Blenheim Art College followed, and a talent for miniature painting (large canvases were too unwieldy) which won acceptance from the Royal Academy when the author was twenty. This scarcely detains her, though; her thoughts were returning to writing. Early reading was dominated by Kipling, and Arthur Rackham's drawings, and such first attempts at writing by such sophisticated as Jeffrey Farnol and Weyrick Deeping. The mixture, here still, of scrupulous exactness and ingenious opacity makes it enjoyable to trace these influences, for those old enough to recognize the signs.

Thomas Callaghan recalls life on the road, sleeping in doss-houses and on bomb-sites, from managing a bed and breakfast hotel to working in *Trump's Chronicle*. (217pp. Oriel Press Ltd. £7.50. 0 85362 201 9).

Shades of the vicarage

Violet Powell

DAVID GRUBB

Beneath the Visiting Moon: An English Childhood
 186pp. Anthony Mott Ltd, 50 Silke Hill Gardens, London W4 3BU.
 £8.95.
 0 90774 614 4

The father and both the grandfathers of David Grubb were clergymen of the Church of England, and he grew up in large vicarages which had been designed for large families. He can remember a crisis in parish life, when during a particularly harrowing funeral, he and his sister were looked after by one of the maids, their governess being absent; there was also, besides the maids, a gardener whose wife worked in the house. To readers accustomed to contemporary vicars, today's small vicarages it may be startling to learn that an establishment on this scale existed as recently as the late 1940s.

Although clergymen's children must become familiar with the concept of death, the little Grubbs do seem to have had an "usually close life to hear from fellow-pupils again." Blenheim Art College followed, and a talent for miniature painting (large canvases were too unwieldy) which won acceptance from the Royal Academy when the author was twenty. This scarcely detains her, though; her thoughts were returning to writing. Early reading was dominated by Kipling, and Arthur Rackham's drawings, and such first attempts at writing by such sophisticated as Jeffrey Farnol and Weyrick Deeping. The mixture, here still, of scrupulous exactness and ingenious opacity makes it enjoyable to trace these influences, for those old enough to recognize the signs.

Thomas Callaghan recalls life on the road, sleeping in doss-houses and on bomb-sites, from managing a bed and breakfast hotel to working in *Trump's Chronicle*. (217pp. Oriel Press Ltd. £7.50. 0 85362 201 9).

which his father was now the incumbent. Mr Grubb was obviously a nice man who loved his family, but the tenacity of twelve acres surrounding his rectory overfilled him with agricultural ambitions. With the eye of life poet he was to become, his son, David, describes the garden, the pigs and the poultry. His father's absorption in the little farm of the glade failed, however, to draw him nearer, as he had hoped, to his parishioners. A crisis concerning the tidying-up of the graveyard led to his decision to seek another living.

The Grubbs had had holiday homes in North Cornwall, but the new living was further up the coast on the Somerset seaboard, where the lights of the church during Midnight Mass could sometimes be seen in Wales. God had, of course, been always something of a resident in the family and it seems that it was the awkwardness of David Grubb, his English childhood ended, to start training as a psychiatric nurse. The hospital to which he went could be called a medical cul-de-sac, a place for the defeated. After, such an experience, a retreat to Cornwall with the object of writing might have appeared to be a return to life among the sane. But this was far from being the case. A local vicar with whom he became friends not only lost his job to pray but, convinced of the devil's presence in his own house, fell in with a covey - the prelude to a professional and physical breakdown.

Up to this point *Beneath the Visiting Moon* offers a more or less chronological account interspersed with poems, and meditations that are almost prayers. From here on David Grubb pastes together an album of impressions and recollections which proves yet again that the real difficulty of writing an autobiography begins when adolescence gives way to grown-up life. David Grubb's technique is a strong, entirely successful, blurring of story line without giving a clear idea of his development as a poet. The reader is left with the feeling that "untidying glimpses of Russia, America, Greece and Ireland have been offered and then snatched away. Perhaps these glimpses may yet be brought into focus as a coherent landscape.

The unspeakable spoken

Alan Hollinghurst

STEPHEN COOTE (Editor)

The Penguin Book of Homosexual Verse
 400pp. Allen Lane. £8.95.
 0 7159 1573 0

It could be a good idea to have an anthology of poems by and about homosexuals: it could bring together interesting curiosities and trace relationships between literary and social practice over a large time-span. It could also contain some wonderful poems. Stephen Coote's *Penguin Book of Homosexual Verse* starts promisingly with lines from Pope's *Mad Despatch*, rendered with all the gaudy and graphic clarity of that great translation. 345 pages later, after a very great poem (fifteen of Shakespeare's sonnets and five sections from *In Memoriam* stand out) and a large amount of far inferior translations, we wind up with Michael Rumanak's "The Fairies Are Dancing All Over the World". This is not even an interesting curiosity; a formless dithyramb to homosexuality, it is as emotionally and politically naive as it is seditious in execution. Something has gone wrong.

The explanation for this failure lies in the introduction, where Dr Coote sketches his criteria for inclusion:

For me, a gay poem is one that either deals with explicitly gay matters or describes an intense and loving relationship between two people of the same gender. . . . I have selected what I found most interesting, most pleasing. It follows that the book does not set out to be a canon of gay verse.

But the reader expects more from a Penguin anthology on such a subject than a purely personal selection, a kind of *Other Men's Other Men's Flowers*. There are places in this book - the Auden section, which contains only "Uncle Henry", is the most astonishing - where one looks vexedly at the pagination, convinced that a whole gathering must have been left out.

Leaving aside the monotonous pederastic epigrams of the Classical sectio of the anthology, Coote's criteria ignore a set of circumstances which are surely crucial to his task, for during the greater part of the period in which homosexuality has been widely identified as more than merely pederastic - that is, from the mid-nineteenth century - it has been socially difficult and legally impossible to write about it directly. If a homosexual way of writing could be identified it would of necessity embrace a wide variety of styles; but more than that, it would be predominantly indirect. Cryptic, camouflaged, sustained in coteries - the unspeakable love demands metaphor, and conscripts other ways of seeing to its purpose. Hence the heady confluence of religious and sexual devotion in Hopkins, or the way Rousseau enlists the traditional meos of ballad, song and epigram to his obscure and painful private purpose. Like any repressed need, the need of the homosexual writers for self-expression on a matter essential to their lives achieves that expression through other means. One could even formulate a criterion antithetical to Coote's, which held that a homosexual poem was not one that dealt with "explicitly gay matters" but one in which, above all, gay matters could not be mentioned.

All this is, of course, absurdly schematic, attempting to polarize homosexual writing and some presumed norm of "heterosexual writing" in a way that is as psychologically crude as it is plausible. Heterosexual verse, too, deals with unspoken loves and unmet desires, and often works through expressive metaphorical evasions of central and private issues - among them, loneliness and desire. It is a common trope of homosexuals to assume the lion's share of suffering and singularity: homosexual verse, like homosexual life, must touch and merge, all round, with the rest of verse and life. If this book has few pleasures surprises it is in part because the increasing self-segregation

of gays has had an enfeebling effect on their art. The Shakespeare and the Tennyson are not only the best poems in the book, they are in the mainstream of literary life.

Coote's position, though, adds to his disregard of the characteristically subtle means of homosexuals' art a strongly schematic sexual politics which is spelt out in his introduction:

There is still an enormous amount to do: more freedoms to be won, more people to educate, more lifestyles to develop, more maturities to achieve. . . . All the time we are subject to oppression we can and must band together, but in banding together we should avoid the lethal closets of the stereotype.

Though keen that homosexuals should be seen and know themselves "as part of the whole and indivisible body of human love", Coote's polemic is separatist: "Judy Grahn has fought against oppression" is the extent of his editorial support of her. But fighting is not the same as art; a large number of the poems here are, simply, dreadful.

Some of the dreadful ones also count as interesting curiosities: the lines from Edward Carpenter's "A Mightier than Manhood" - an earnest, endless psalm to "the love of men for each other" has a mixture of Biblical affluence (reminiscent of Radclyffe Hall's prose) with demotic banality that is irresistibly comic:

For me, a gay poem is one that either deals with explicitly gay matters or describes an intense and loving relationship between two people of the same gender. . . . I have selected what I found most interesting, most pleasing. It follows that the book does not set out to be a canon of gay verse.

But the reader expects more from a Penguin anthology on such a subject than a purely personal selection, a kind of *Other Men's Other Men's Flowers*. There are places in this book - the Auden section, which contains only "Uncle Henry", is the most astonishing - where one looks vexedly at the pagination, convinced that a whole gathering must have been left out.

Leaving aside the monotonous pederastic epigrams of the Classical sectio of the anthology, Coote's criteria ignore a set of circumstances which are surely crucial to his task, for during the greater part of the period in which homosexuality has been widely identified as more than merely pederastic - that is, from the mid-nineteenth century - it has been socially difficult and legally impossible to write about it directly. If a homosexual way of writing could be identified it would of necessity embrace a wide variety of styles; but more than that, it would be predominantly indirect. Cryptic, camouflaged, sustained in coteries - the unspeakable love demands metaphor, and conscripts other ways of seeing to its purpose. Hence the heady confluence of religious and sexual devotion in Hopkins, or the way Rousseau enlists the traditional meos of ballad, song and epigram to his obscure and painful private purpose. Like any repressed need, the need of the homosexual writers for self-expression on a matter essential to their lives achieves that expression through other means. One could even formulate a criterion antithetical to Coote's, which held that a homosexual poem was not one that dealt with "explicitly gay matters" but one in which, above all, gay matters could not be mentioned.

All this is, of course, absurdly schematic, attempting to polarize homosexual writing and some presumed norm of "heterosexual writing" in a way that is as psychologically crude as it is plausible. Heterosexual verse, too, deals with unspoken loves and unmet desires, and often works through expressive metaphorical evasions of central and private issues - among them, loneliness and desire. It is a common trope of homosexuals to assume the lion's share of suffering and singularity: homosexual verse, like homosexual life, must touch and merge, all round, with the rest of verse and life. If this book has few pleasures surprises it is in part because the increasing self-segregation

of gays has had an enfeebling effect on their art. The Shakespeare and the Tennyson are not only the best poems in the book, they are in the mainstream of literary life.

Many spoke to him because he was fair - asked him to come and have a drink, and so forth; but still it was no satisfaction to him; for they did not give him that which he needed.

and yet which, in its mood of patient kindness and fraternity, is genuinely touching. On the other hand the sonnets from Edward James's *Cornino Amico* - "Two full carved rubies were his urgent lips"; "I am the bugle for the mouth of love", etc - are so self-evidently atrocious that nothing justifies their exevavation.

A further problem constitutional to a book of this kind - a problem which contributes to Coote's tendency to select those explicit works in which creative metaphor has more or less been dropped - is that the subtleties of homosexual persuasion in the *oeuvre* of any particular writer may only become apparent over a large span. Laurence Housman has explained his conviction that his brother wished the unambiguous poems published posthumously in *More Poems* and *Additional Poems* to be seen as morally supportive for "lads" in trouble, an exemplar coming out from beyond the grave. Even so, few of those poems - such as the blatant "Oh who is that young sinner with the handcliffs on his wrist?" included here - approach the lacerated concision of the work in A

Shropshire Lad and the volume named, with a morbidly relished self-suppression, *Last Poems*. In particular *A Shropshire Lad*, brought on in part by Housman's excited reaction to the Wilde trial, has found success in camouflage, a vastly popular middle-class book centring on the frustrated love of men. The reading of the world collection discloses this covert spiritual autobiography, its private topography laden with feeling and meaning, its nexus of adolescent experience which demands a fictional world, a ghostly fable of a shape, in which to expand and assert itself. *A Shropshire Lad* conceals its urgent need to tell a story by adopting a mode of static lyrical introspection, the technique, indeed, of a great song-cycle such as *Die Winterreise*. The anthology has always been the home of the lyric - and it is inevitable that these fictional worlds, which with clear and informed thought entirely give themselves away, will elude the anthologist's jackdaw eye. Something essential that homosexual poets do - and Auden's ignored poems afford a far more richly coded private world - cannot be put in a book of this kind.

Even so, the picking could have been more telling. Coote ignores "Crossing alone the nighted ferry", one of Housman's indisputably great posthumous poems, and a quintessential treatment of an (admittedly glum) aspect of homosexual life, and there are many other perverse omissions: why only Hopkins' "The Bugler's First Com-

munion", when there is "Felix Randal" or "Harry Ploughman", which so lovingly and palpably assembles, limb by limb, its physically magnificent subject, and even the subversive "Epithalamion" which sets out to hymn a marriage but becomes so diverted by describing "boys from the town" bathing in a stream that it breaks down altogether? Why the tawdry Nineties-ish "To My Friend" and "Anteus: A Fragment" from Wilfred Owen, and not the other fragment, "I saw his round mouth's crimson deepen as it fell", and "Has Your Soul Slipped?", in which the poet's feeling truly becomes "part of the whole and indivisible body of human love"? Thom Gunn's "Fever" and "Modes of Pleasure" are dullish pieces when compared with his adueneque and profoundly enigmatic "From the Highest Camp", a sonnet which intimates more about homosexual experience than tens of pages of the more modern stuff here. But then these poems have been chosen because "Thom Gunn has described as 'no other the atmosphere of a gay bar'; and work from *Passages of Joy* has not been included. All these omitted poems are not only better than the ones included, they would have helped to rectify the impression of emotional and artistic immaturity that much of the book dispiritingly gives off. (The set of American, criminally anonymous, must be the most periculous ever published. Auden wrote some good homosexual imitations.)

The Penguin Book of Homosexual Verse is a book compiled in good faith, and it is quite clear that "lads" and "lasses" (it has a substantial Lesbian content, conscripting fine poems by Emily Dickinson) - but from a literary point of view it is irredeemably flawed. It has terrible translations in it, in particular those by the editor, who makes objectionably free with the words "queer", "queen" and "faggot"; and those by Sydney Oswald, who identifies syntactical with sexual inversion to a harrowing degree; there is a startling version too of Horace's "Imitatio", by "Alexander" Pope. Stephen Coote's judgments in the introduction repeatedly give him away: "Akerley's (interesting, curiously)" "After the Blitz, 1941" is described as "one of the greatest of gay love poems precisely because it is a love poem first and a gay poem second". In Cavafy's work "Seediness" redeemed by remembered joy makes these works poems of an international stature." Neither of these statements approaches being a literary judgment. Seediness redeemed by remembered joy can do a good number of things, but it never yet gave anything stature, international or otherwise.



"The Nymph of Fontainebleau", Benvenuto Cellini's bronze, 1543; reproduced from The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini edited and abridged by Charles Hope (224pp. Phaidon. £15. 0 7148 2297 3).

Bawdy bedfellows

Gavin Ewart

ALEXANDER SCOTT (Editor)

Scottish Passion: An Anthology of Scottish Erotic Poetry
 223pp. Robert Hale. £9.25.
 0 7091 9884 1

ALAN BOLD

The Sexual Scot
 With cartoons by Weir
 151pp. Edinburgh: Paul Harris.
 £3.95.
 0 904505 99 5

Scottish tape isn't the same as ordinary tape, and Scottish passion isn't the same as ordinary passion. An old English judgment has it that a surgical operation is needed to get a joke into the head of a Scot; and in fact Scottish love poetry shows both a sense of humour and a very pronounced leaning towards satire. In this it differs from most English erotic verse.

If one looks at Edwin Morgan's stimulating anthology *Scottish Satirical Verse*, one very quickly finds three poems that are in *Scottish Passion* too: Alan Jackson's "Edinburgh Secede", Norman MacCaig's "Wild Oats", Tom Buchanan's "Letter From A Parisian". There are others: Morgan has the whole of "Holy Willie's Prayer"; Alexander Scott just the sexy bit

Ought bits of poems to be selected in this way? Scott has the whole satirical wonder of "The Two Marit Women and The Wedo" but only one small part of Burns's "The Vision", to which he has given the title "Leg-Man". Quiller-Couch allotted titles very generously in his *Oxford Book of English Verse*, but is it right? A piece of verse looks bare without a title; but does it really need one, especially an "updated" one?

Scott, in his introduction, makes a distinction between "words of passion" (Eros) and "the pornographic verse which nowadays proliferates from the Press". One might think that *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* is borderline, though poems written for money might be considered different from poems written for pleasure; in their motivation only, I would say.

Chapter headings cross the centuries: Eros Defied, Calvinized, Bewitched, Exultant, Enraptured, Exploited, Decried/Denied, Otherwise (the only decent - into - homosexuality, and kinkiness, and Eros Explicit. He moves from *The Kings Quair* (James of Scotland, 1394-1437), Henryson, Dunbar, Sir David Lyndsay, Drummond of Hawthorn, Allan Ramsay, by way of Hogg and Burns, Stevenson and John Davidson's, Swinburne (died in the same year, 1909), to the Moderns (Muir, MacDiarmid, MacCaig, Oodis, Smith, Garloch, Morgan and after). The Glossary will be helpful for

non-Scots (and even perhaps for Scots). Everybody now knows that "houghmagsodde" means fornication, but words like "biggonet" and "gamprell" are more obscure. One might guess that "quhillille" means penis (like "wille" in our own day) but it's nice to know that "liver-muggles" are fish-livers cooked in the scotch bladder. "spankie" means "spiced greynolds", and "blus-baram" the porridge. Some poems seem neglected by the Glossary. Could "grow" be carouse? And what are "agramile", "lire", "fyle" (foul?), "lalce", "rauchle", "tuchan", "huddrun"? I think we should be told.

This is a very enjoyable work, with some fine poems - though many celebrate what would today be thought of as "machismo" they are not on the whole unfeeling or dismissive of women. They are often bawdy, of course, but they assume an equal enjoyment in both sexes. Burns's talent for the singable is very evident, the folk songs are as jolly as could be, many of them eighteenth-century. Anonymous.

Rosebery to his lady says,
 "My kinde and my sweetest,
 O shall we do the thing you ken,
 Or shall we take our supper?"
 W' modest face, she fu' o' grace,
 Replied the bonny lady:
 "My noble lord do as you please,
 But supper is no ready."
 Only four women are represented: Violet Jacob (a good pseudo-balled),

Muriel Stuart (a first-class piece of Hardy), Liz Lochhead, Valerie Gillies. In a patriarchal puritan culture this is not surprising.

Alan Bold's theme in *The Sexual Scot* is exactly this - Scottish sexual imbalance. "The Scot has both a masculine and feminine nature but has been historically 'condemned' to suppress entirely the feminine and correspondingly overexpose the masculine." He supports this thesis by a short life of John Knox ("he had made himself hard and humiliated a beautiful woman" - Mary Queen of Scots), by tracing the careers of hardmen Jimmy Boyle and Larry Winters, by quoting in full "The Ball of Kilmuir", some Burns and MacDiarmid, by criticism of Scots oviellists and poets, by describing his own childhood initiations (text was definitely on the "needed" by references to sadomasochism and Burns's "antithetical" mind). (Byron's comment) are not absent either.

This all seems very sensible, but some of his jokes are not worthy of Scotland (Roy Campbell failed to be "a physical jerk", though he wanted to be; Scots suffer from "guilt-edged insecurity"). The eleven cartoons by Weir are lively but crude. There are a few questionable statements, e.g. "unlike townies conditioned to have sex in the head". All sex goes through the head at some stage.

441150150

Manufacturing soap

J. K. L. Walker

WILLIAM SMETHURST

Jennifer's Friends
223pp. Methuen. £7.95.
0 413 50610 X

To a generation grown to manhood in the shadow of *The Archers*, *Jennifer's Friends*, the eponymous radio soap opera of William Smethurst's deftly professional first novel, will hold few terrors. Brainchild of the earnest Windmiller, shopkeeper-turned-scriptwriter, Radio East Mercia's daily serial may, according to some, be "sugary, sickly, cloying, insufferable, banal" ("Yes, well, the *Guardian* can piss off", says Tom Viner, the show's producer, late artistic director of *The People's Palace*) but it is networked on twenty-five local radio stations, not to mention Radio Free Hamburg. This never-never England of Hanford and its characters - crusty old Colonel Snipe at the Hall, with his entourage of Deczil Troon, Pixie Parker and Torlington; Sampson Grange, the Old People's Home, the Medical Centre with breezy District Nurse Jennifer and Doctor Hamilton; and the housing estate, with the March family and the Wetherbys at 46 The Crescent - twitches cosily on the writer's life-support machine.

Smethurst performs a cool juggling act with the fortunes of Hanford's

inhabitants and those of their creators, interweaving scenes from the current episodes of *Jennifer's Friends* with others revealing their genesis. Sometimes characters from the serial trace a notably eccentric orbit as the scriptwriters sabotage one another's episodes. The Autumn Leaves Cycling Club has been called into existence, the unhappy Windmiller furiously asserts, to provide fresh air and exercise for the inhabitants of Sampson Grange, not for his colleague Brian Newman lewdly to clothe the elderly Mrs Pumpsaint in shorts.

The actors endure such excitements and the brutal urgings of their director, the egregious silver-necked Geraint Lewis (whose cherished Fuck-Off Fund guarantees him job-mobility) according to age and temperament. A few, like pretty young Sarah Wilmet, are on the way up; most, like Blanche Lawford, bearer of plastic bags that clank, are on the way down; all dread the Black Spot, the writing-out, the one-way trip to Scarborough awaiting their fictional counterparts. Over all of them - cast, writers, producer - hovers the hawkish Programme Director, Sonia Clifford, and her sexually drained lover, Neville Young, ready to perform major butchery on the programme at the first sign of flagging ratings. Ominously, they introduce a civil service "adviser", Purselove, to ensure a correct welfare-state flavour to the programme as a *quid pro quo* for a dip into government funds. The already implausible Cindy Skeabost,

ravaged town girl come burrowing back to Hanford's warm rooms, teeters towards the edge of nihilism as Sonia and Purselove strive to turn her a chic shade of black.

At a different level, Tom Viner, the novel's controlling consciousness, is also correct. A resigned liberal sceptic, he wisely appreciates that the struggle to attain the Good should be peaceful and non-violent. *Jennifer's Friends* may be a sell-out but it is not some irrevocable descent into the moral abyss; the next job will be better; meanwhile the professional demands that the product be as good as you can make it. No heroics in one's career, and similarly no romanticism in one's love-life. Such a low-key response is convincing enough but threatens dullness.

The strength of the novel - and perhaps its *raison d'être* - lies in its horribly convincing descriptions of soap-opera manufacture. This, no doubt, is as it should be, for Smethurst, it appears, has written over two hundred scripts for *The Archers*, besides editing the programme - a daunting *curriculum vitae* which must also account for his novel's swift pace and skilful construction. *Jennifer's Friends* is undoubtedly a well-made comedy, but entertaining though it is, one is left in the end with a sense of opportunities missed. Given such a plump and sitting target, Smethurst might have gone for the kill rather than allowing his quarry to flap nonchalantly away.

The Proustian privet

Mary Kathleen Benet

BRUCE ARNOLD

Running to Paradise
222pp. Hamish Hamilton. £8.95.
0 241 10998 1

This is the fourth volume of a quartet of novels, but it stands apart from the others. The scene of the first three was Copinger, a Cotswold boarding school for boys from disturbed homes, where the anonymous narrator of the series spent ten years. Now we follow him to London, and into a career as a fine-arts journalist. He has exchanged bleak regimentation for the freedom of a flat and a car; he is trying to exchange idealistic schoolboy love for the reality of sexual involvement.

Bruce Arnold is far too diffident to compete for the mantle of the English Proust. His enterprise has Proustian overtones; but after all we are in England, among a declining middle class that regrets past glories. He evokes - perfectly the English atmosphere of sexual guilt and embarrassed religion, and the sense of living in a diminished world where art criticism is possible but art is not, where efforts at love are more feasible than love itself. Conscientious weather reports are given. We know what flowers grow in the gardens.

In keeping with this disconsolate sense of a heroic past slipping away, the vast empire of memory has been reduced to nostalgia, triggered by the scent of a sprig of privet. Luckily, however, one of Proust's more difficult lessons has been learnt: that of fictional architecture. The individual books, and the series as a whole, are beautifully shaped, with satisfying correspondences and recurrences.

The feeling of displacement and diminution is the stronger because so much of the book is a voyage round a

particularly repellent and unsatisfactory father, George, an alcoholic ex-naval officer whose many attempts at a fresh start in life, each time with a different woman, seem to the narrator infinitely more fascinating than his own fooling affairs. It is hard to agree with this judgment as we follow George from binge to reform to bed-sitter to odd jobs and finally to his deathbed, presided over by two women in love with him and at loggerheads with each other. George is a bore, and though the narrator professes to love him, he never makes us understand his appeal to the people who constantly ball him out of the mess he makes of things. The women in George's life hint that he is magnificent in bed, but since the book is too genteel to follow him there, this doesn't help us much.

Why is George so profoundly unhappy? What are the secrets of his past? All along, we have been promised revelations that are never made. No path is offered out of the unsatisfying conundrum: George is unhappy because he messes things up, and he messes things up because he is unhappy. We are told George is like Orson, a hero done in by the gods; but we see him in the saloon bar drinking about missed opportunities.

George's precepts are all negative. Don't philosophize, don't boast of what you have done, and - most ironic of all - don't become nostalgic. The narrator, making subtle play with these platitudes, manages some negative virtues of his own: the book is not fashionable, not exploitative, not forced. And, after all, the dilemma it sets up is insoluble. George's son wants to feel Christian forgiveness for his pagan reprobate, but much of what he feels is anger for his own blighted childhood. His act of homage is also an act of revenge. In not overreaching himself, in letting this paradox stand, Bruce Arnold concludes an achievement that is sincere, moving and elegant.

S.O.S.SAS

Keith Jeffery

ANTHONY BEEVOR

The Faustian Pact
208pp. Cape. £7.50.
0 224 02083 8

The idea of kidnapping an important personage - a superficially attractive proposition to both terrorists and thriller writers, since it seems to offer an efficient means to their respective ends, whether they be gaining political concessions or selling books. The actual kidnapping, however, is little more than the start of the process: matters have to be arranged so as to achieve the desired result, but both the terrorist and the author have only a small number of available options. Having captured his target, the terrorist is limited to hanging on in the hope that his opponent's resolve will break. Various techniques can be adopted to increase the pressure applied: deadlines can be set, antiquated tape recordings made, relatively unimportant parts of the body - fingers, ears and so on - can be amputated and delivered to the authorities. The author has perhaps a little more freedom of action:

characterized by an abundance of mistrust, and Beavor is good to departmental jealousies and politicking. He also fashionably thickens the plot with hints that an international group on the extreme right is involved in the affair. Rayner's suspicions about his steadily isolate him and draw him towards a bleak dénouement.

Political fiction depends for its effect on credibility. The circumstances and events, at least at the beginning, must be plausible. So they are in *The Faustian Pact*, which starts well with a description of the SAS training in Wales (they play a major part in the story's climax). David Rayner, unhappily poised to liaison duties, and a middle-of-the-road socialist Prime Minister worried about his opinion-poll rating. The kidnap itself is convincingly described. But the responses of both Parliament and government are, not quite so believable. The House of Commons (with a Labour majority) immediately restores the death penalty, suspends Habeas Corpus (surely not necessary if the Prevention of Terrorism Act remains on the books). It is much more dramatic a response than that which followed the assassination of Airey Neave by a terrorist bomb within the Palace of Westminster itself. In addition Rayner and his colleagues unquestioningly assume that the Irish Red Vanguard is a left-wing organization, a surprising conclusion since the name could well imply a combination of the once-influential loyalist Vanguard Party and the extreme Protestant Red Hand Commando. There seems, moreover, to be no great interest in the terrorist's demands, themselves couched in markedly vague terms (do Protestants release Catholic or Protestant detainees - or both?) Rayner does not interest himself in these matters. For follow, but simply describes Rayner's personal life and his growing suspicion that the motives behind the kidnap are not as clear-cut as they seem. As might be expected in a thriller of this sort, the secret world where Rayner works is

Catching the inimitable

John Stokes

JOHN SZARKOWSKI and MARIA MORRIS HAMBURG

The Work of Atget
Volume 1: The Art of Old France.
128pp. 0 86092 060 7.
Volume 2: The Art of Old Paris.
190pp. 0 86092 067 4.
Cordon Fraser. £25 each.

HANK O'NEAL

Bernice Abbott: Sixty Years of Photography
256pp. Thames and Hudson. £30.
0 500 34086 1

ANDRÉ KÉRTÉSZ

A Lifetime of Photography
260pp. Thames and Hudson. £25.
0 500 34083 3

In 1931 Walter Benjamin produced a remarkable essay which prefigures his more famous "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction" and relates to his work on Baudelaire's Paris. It was called "A Small History of Photography" and it included an appreciation of a newly published book of studies by a photographer who Benjamin believed had "lived in Paris poor and unknown, selling his pictures for a little to photographic enthusiasts scarcely less eccentric than himself". In the pictures of Eugène Atget the great critic found a characteristic search for the authentic object, for "what was unmarked, forgotten, cast adrift... they pump the aura out of reality like water from a sinking ship."

Two volumes compiled from the Museum of Modern Art's Atget holdings have so far appeared here; a further two are announced. Already it is clear that Benjamin's powerful vision of the photographer as *flâneur* needs re-examination. The images may be just as Benjamin described, but the surrounding apparatus suggests different explanations of how they came into being. In his disorienting introduction to Volume One John Szarkowski sets out in part (but only in part, since Atget is allowed "the mysterious promptings of an individual sensibility") to deromanticize the career.

Atget built his collection not through the random accumulation of subjects that interested him, but rather by the systematic exploration of topics that were consciously chosen for their relevance to one abiding idea: the creation of a body of photographs that would describe the authentic character of French culture.

This places Atget in the mainstream of nineteenth-century French intellectual life, as a classicist who subjugated himself to a grand ambition: a perfect unity between his vision and a world whose historical coherence could be established through the assembly of images. Moreover, from Maria Morris Hamburg's biographical essay which introduces Volume Two, we learn that when he set out in 1890-1 as a supplier of "documents pour Artistes" Atget was deliberately catering for a market that he was a careful businessman whose pictures were comparatively expensive; that later, albeit reluctantly, he took on major commissions. Atget's professional activities after 1897 define his goal as documentation: "a discipline combining description, classification, and cataloguing".

In 1901 onwards, he reproduced his pictures in multiple editions and sold them both to craftsmen as models for design and to public institutions. Although Atget always jealously preserved his editorial control, he was involved in work for the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Bibliothèque Historique de la Ville de Paris. All this fresh information certainly seems to undermine Benjamin's type of the feckless city wanderer.

It is inevitable that the growing discipline of photo-history, of which these editions are magnificent examples, should change our ways of thinking about the art and its practitioners. Yet Susan Sontag has complained that books are not a wholly satisfactory medium for making photographs available: "Nothing holds readers to the recommended order or

indicates the amount of time to be spent on each." Which may be true, but when the order of looking has been proposed by scholars of this seriousness, it would be a bold *flâneur* who stepped out of line.

Rejecting a purely chronological arrangement, the editors have made their own groupings, though these correspond in the main with Atget's complex cataloguing procedure. More than half the photographs in Volume One are taken from his first major series, which Mrs Hamburg labels "Landscape-Documents". They show that long before Atget was known as the photographer of Old Paris he had devoted himself to the Ile de France, a preoccupation that ran through his whole career. These are the rural pictures which confirm, in the editors' view, Atget's concern with the whole of French culture. They embrace, but are not confined to, superb studies of gnarled roots and broken branches, empty squares and ruined barns. The newly industrialized suburbs are not recorded.

Volume Two has pictures taken between 1898 and 1927, drawn from a number of series, mostly from "Art in Old Paris". Again, the sequence does not precisely reproduce Atget's own cataloguing principles, though the editors justify their own selection in view of "his flexible, open-ended understanding of his work". They have "focused on those subjects that inspired Atget's sympathy and on the periods of his most acute and creative insight".

Editorial methods can only be vindicated, as they are here, by a persuasive congruity between picture and text. At the same time, by comparing the plates with related figures reproduced on a small scale among the notes, we are permitted to reconsider the oeuvre in terms of both subject and chronology. In the years following the First World War, Atget's style became increasingly atmospheric, his choice of subject apparently more parochial. Benjamin remains a wonderfully suggestive guide to these late pictures because he recognizes that it is precisely because they exclude the work of Haussmann, the Grands Boulevards, the Eiffel Tower and even the modern Parisiennes, that they are like "scenes of a crime" and constitute "standard evidence for historical occurrences, and acquire a hidden political significance".

A talent to delight

David Coward

RAYMOND CASTANS and ANDRÉ BERNARD

Les films de Marcel Pagnol
157pp. Paris: Julliard. 120 fr.

In the spring of 1929, Marcel Pagnol had two immensely successful plays running in the Paris *boulevards*: *Toujours*, a story of the worm that turns, and *Marius*, a funny-sad tale of family life in Marseille. He gave up teaching and seemed set fair for a career in the theatre when Pierre Blanchard told him he should go to London, where *Broadway Melody*, one of the first talkies, was showing at the Palladium. Pagnol sat through it three times.

It was a revelation. Silent cinema he regarded as a variant of mime and too poetic to set anywhere near his notion of dramatic realism. The theatre now seemed limited not only by its essential artificiality but also because playwrights had to work so much harder to achieve what cinema did without trying. The playwright pointed a blunderbuss at his audience in the hope that some of his shot would carry; but the film-maker could show a test on a cheek or record a signifier's whisper and be sure that the spectators would see and hear exactly what they were meant to. What has since become "authorial tyranny" or "directorial fascism" to Pagnol the essential precondition of cinematic art. Talking pictures offered the story-teller total freedom to communicate a personal vision.

The essence of photography is, paradoxically, to confer previous existence upon its subjects. Nevertheless, Atget needed to reconstruct the conditions in which the crumbling buildings, leprous *colons* and tarnished doorways could show their historical age. Hence the empty streets and morning light. Hence too the acumen of Benjamin's notion of the artist as detective. What makes these books so valuable is not only their demonstration of the power of scholarship to open up a historical enterprise, but their revelation of a truth about photography's relation to history: whatever is disclosed exists by virtue of what has been excluded.

For their growing awareness of Atget all modern historians are profoundly indebted to another photographer, Bernice Abbott, who first discovered the master in Paris in 1926. Abbott immediately recognized his significance. In 1927 she took the famous but misleading portraits which show a frail old man distinguished by the liveliness of his eyes and the

formality of his dress. When Atget died a year later, Abbott managed to acquire his personal collection - almost 1,500 glass plates and 8,000 original prints. This was the collection that the Museum of Modern Art purchased in 1948 and which forms the basis of the new research.

If the Atget collection is a monument to Abbott, her own photographs are, in a way, a monument to Atget. The history of modern photography is, after all, a tale of two continents. When Abbott returned to New York in 1929, she had "one aim, one desire: to catch and record this inimitable city". Her New York is an abutment of grids and their shadows, overhangings and underpinnings, phalanxes of skyscrapers that rise and fall in ceaseless transition. Like Atget, Abbott was attracted by the "commercial and nondescript" and photographed shopfronts. Unlike Atget, she photographed the customers *en masse*. New York was a focus of production and distribution, the spread of its energy



Victor Hugo (nélas) in exile in Jersey photographed c 1853 by his son Charles Vichor, titled by Angèle Vacquerie: reproduced from *The Art of Charles Vichor*, with a Critical Dictionary of Photographers, 1845-1970. French Calotype; with a Critical Dictionary of Photographers, 1845-1970. (284pp, with 200 illustrations. Princeton University Press. £35. 0 691 04002 8) to be reviewed in a later issue of the TLS.

In 1930, he declared publicly that silent movies were dead and the theatre was dying. His rather arch pronouncements provoked angry reactions - from René Clair, for example, who told him to stick to writing plays. But Pagnol persisted and like a modern Boleau set out his vision in his own cinema magazine. His arguments ranged from the pseudo-political (since more people had seen the films of Chaplin in fifteen years than all the plays of Molière in 250, cinema democratized art) to a definition of the *film d'auteur* which he never abandoned. He insisted that the cinema-creator was the man who controlled all stages of the creative process. He should write, direct and edit. He should produce, choose his locations, supervise the lab work and, for good measure, take charge of distribution too. It was asking a lot - especially in 1930.

For the French cinema industry, which had dominated the world before 1914, was now at the mercy of foreign companies, like the German-backed Tobis, and of Hollywood imperialism. Paramount was already squeezing out Europe's national film industries. Pagnol met Robert T. Kane, Paramount's man in Paris, who at first mistook him for a light-bulb salesman. Pagnol, who had a degree in English, offered to interpret for him and was thus able to wander about the studios at Joinville talking to cameramen, sound-engineers and film-outlets, from whom he learned the basics of film-making. He persuaded Kane to make *Marius* and in 1931 Alexander Korda was imported to direct *Marius*. Then the longest talkie ever made was shot in French, Swedish and German to maximize profits and to insure against

requiring the sharpest attention. In Abbott's American pictures, a systematic accumulation of cultural images, Atget's European project becomes a Whitmanesque catalogue that preserves the Frenchman's fidelity to the object.

Sixty Years of Photography has an informative essay by Hank O'Neal, but the pictures are accompanied by comments from the photographer herself. Usually specific (time of day, difficulty of angle), they testify, like the photographs, particularly those done for scientific purposes, to Abbott's lifelong determination to develop her resources to the point where they might be commensurate with the reality of her subjects. This major new collection of her work is, as its title claims, the history of a practice.

"I like Kertész, but I don't like whimsy," wrote Roland Barthes in *Camera Lucida*. Kertész too is a master, but for contemporary tastes somewhat *à rebours*. His extreme versatility belies his own presence in pictures which are witty, erotic and interested in illusion. (A number have posters as backgrounds, like provocative reminders of photography's comparative freedom from artifice.) Kertész enjoys chance, but he also makes points, whether abstractly, through pure shape, or symbolically, through composition. The pictures in *A Lifetime of Photography* (presumably selected by the "photograph editor") are grouped according to subject and place; though not divided into chronological sections, they are dated. Kertész's native Hungary in the 1920s is represented by peasants, caught unaware; his Paris, quite unlike that of Atget, is populated and motorized and does include the Eiffel Tower; his New York, quite unlike Abbott's, is solitary and often snowbound. The life of the photographer becomes a scrambled subtext, indicating a more individualistic view of history. Towards the end of the book there is a series taken in Parisian parks over some fifty years. Through the consistent elegance of iron chairs, we sense the durability of Kertész's imagination. Yet were the pictures not dated, (but perhaps might not be quite so forthcoming) the "when" might remain as mysterious as the "why" - another indication of photography's slanting relation to time.

Getting into pictures

Lewis Jones

MACDONALD HARRIS

Screenplay
249pp. Cape. £7.95.
0 224 02096 X

Screenplay has for epigraph those lines in *Ode on a Grecian Urn* which console the eternally frustrated "Bald Lover" with the thought that his love, and the beauty of his beloved, are also eternal. Keats is, of course, expressing desire rather than giving advice (just as the line "More happy love more happy, happy love" is surely one of the most lugubrious in literature), but MacDonald Harris takes him at his word and imagines the inevitable position of such a lover: he questions the identification of life with art undying; the marriage of truth and beauty and settling them at odds with one another, as the poet did in *Lamia*. In place of the idyllic world of the urn, the novel offers one which now seems equally remote and innocent: that of the Hollywood silent film.

In hero, Alys, is an aesthete in the mould of des Esseintes. Born in 1950 in Los Angeles, he is heir to the most basic and the most refined benefits of civilization: his family has for generations owned a patent on the flush lavatory, and he grows up in a mansion full of pictures, books and music. He is an only child, and his parents are too absorbed in one another to pay him much attention. They seem to him "eternally young", an impression which is fixed when they die in a car crash on his eighteenth birthday. He dedicates himself to the study of baroque music and the literature of "eccentrics, recluses and decadents" and, as "a kind of vulgar relaxation" watches silent films, slightly envious of their simplicity. He has a girlfriend but cannot bring himself to go to bed with her because she knows more about music than he does. Instead, he masturbates in a room full of mirrors.

Alys's guide through the looking-glass appears one day in the shape of a very old man who looks rather like Hamlet. His name is Julius Nesselrode, and he claims to be a famous film producer. Amused and intrigued by Nesselrode's offer to get him "into pictures", Alys goes with him to a derelict cinema, where hand in hand they pass through the screen. Emerging from the building's back door, Alys discovers that they are in the LA of sixty years ago: cleaner,

newer and in black and white. Nesselrode takes him to a film set, where he is given a small part to play and falls in love with Moira Silver, an actress who resembles his mother.

On his return from this expedition, Alys is contacted by a mysterious man called Ziff, who wears silver trousers and says that he is his guardian angel. Ziff warns him against returning through the screen and explains that "Our belief in the reality of art... is in itself a form of mental illness." But Alys, besotted by Moira, ignores his advice.

Back in the Twenties, Alys becomes a successful actor - the film-making is brilliantly described - but his life between films is spent either in Keatsian swoons ("or as though the anaesthetist's needle, slipping painlessly into a vein, had infused me

Criminal proceedings

T. J. Binyon

JACK FULLER

Convergence
334pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £7.95.
0 340 28127 7

Back in 1971 Richard Harper ran a beautiful CIA operation in Tokyo, using a staff sergeant in the US Army to feed fake information to a top Russian agent. Now, seven years later, the operation seems to be repeating itself of its own accord. Impressive, muted opening sets up a situation vibrating with incipient claustrophobia. But as the book progresses it becomes constipated on its own complexity, and the tension seeps out through the seams. A noteworthy début, nevertheless.

ELMORE LEONARD

Split Images
282pp. W. H. Allen. £8.95.
0 491 03059 9

Robbie Daniels, a boyish-looking millionaire with a lust for blood, engages a trigger-happy ex-cop to help him in a crusade to preserve the American way of life. A good example of the best type of American thriller: direct, action, self-confident and slick, with crisp dialogue, evocative description and tough, bloody action.

RICHARD COX

The Ice Raid
319pp. Hutchinson. £7.95.
0 091 49188 0

The Soviet Union suddenly seizes Spitzbergen from the Norwegians and begins to build a radar station there. The West protests; NATO slowly gathers its wits together: is this World War II, or another Cuban missile crisis? Exciting, action-filled story with a well-researched background and some very credible military characters.

MARGARET YORKE

Fled Me A Villain
185pp. Hutchinson. £6.95.
0 091 51410 X

Distraught from the discovery of her husband's adultery, Nina leaves him and takes up the offer made by a chance acquaintance over tea at Portunum and Mason's, to look after a large house in the Berkshire countryside while its owners are on holiday in South Africa. Unaccustomed to green wellingtons and the country life, she finds herself in an odd society, with some odd things going on. Delicate portrayal of semi-rural setting and characters, stronger direct action. But, nevertheless, fascinating in its meticulous analysis of human behaviour.

to the editor

Einstein

Sir, - It is a little difficult to know why Sir Brian Pippard devotes such a large proportion of his review of Abraham Pais's book *"Subtle is the Lord"* (April 1) to an attack on anti-relativists. He does not refute their case, but sets up his own interpretations of some anti-relativist arguments in order to dismiss them, and also accuses the critics of incompetence ("This is the step the objectors cannot take...").

It is clear, both from the wording of Sir Brian's argument and its context in the review, that he assumes that the twin paradox (or clock paradox) and the asymmetrical ageing of space travellers can be adequately treated within the domain of special relativity. Yet the book that he is reviewing includes the following statement (p145), referring to Einstein's original prediction of asymmetrical ageing in his paper on special relativity:

He [Einstein] called this result a theorem and cannot be held responsible for the misnomer *clock paradox*, which is of inter vintage. However, as Einstein himself explained some time later, the logic of special relativity does not suffice for the explanation of the phenomenon (which has since so often been observed in the laboratory) since frames other than inertial ones come into play.

If the result in question is a theorem of special relativity, and yet the special theory is insufficient for the explanation of the phenomenon, then these facts themselves show that the special theory is inadequate.

Sir Brian may be correct in saying that any attempt to discard the special theory would cause chaos rather than enlightenment. That is not sufficient reason to refuse to consider that possibility, and I suggest that scientists should take to heart Emerson's statement that we can take our choice between truth and repose, but that we can never have both. The abandoning of special relativity would involve a scientific revolution, like other scientific revolutions, it might cause chaos for a time, but it might also lead to an enormously stimulating period of scientific research. Scientists should not shrink from grasping such an opportunity.

I. McCausland,
Department of Electrical Engineering, University of Toronto.

Sir, - In his exceptionally interesting review of the new biography of Albert Einstein, by Abraham Pais, Sir Brian Pippard (April 1) has gone astray on one aspect of Einstein's activities: his efforts over a period of some thirty-five years on behalf of the Zionist movement and, in particular, the Hebrew University. To assert that he was "no-Zionist" does less than justice to Einstein's memory and the Jewish savant would have been the first to repudiate any such notion.

The record of Einstein's Zionist sympathies is almost as well documented as his scientific papers, beginning at least as early as 1919. After discussion and argument with Kurt Blumenfeld, a leading German Zionist, in February of that year he declared: "... as a Jew I am from today a supporter of the Jewish Zionist efforts". Two years later, even before the Palestine Mandate had been endorsed - Einstein accompanied Dr. Weizmann on a Zionist mission to the United States. "I'll do everything that is demanded of me," he wrote to Weizmann in 1923 but asked to be spared from attending congresses and similar meetings.

None the less he decided to take part in the inaugural meeting of the enlarged Jewish Agency in Zurich, where he spoke in the following vein: "I see the tragedy of the modern Jew in the fact that though he represents a nation, it is a nation decomposed into atoms. The individual Jew is isolated and suffering from the misery of isolation. That misery has turned into a tragic situation. But how should a remedy be created, save by the establishment of one's own home? He who saw it

clearly... was Herzl... He saw that a common work was only possible if the people could itself create that community... He also saw with the sure instinct of political genius that that work could be nothing else but the upbuilding of Palestine."

In the final weeks of his life, Einstein wrote to the Israelis expressing concern at the political situation and offered to help in some way. He was preparing a nation-wide television broadcast but became ill before completing the script.

Even after his death Einstein's links with the Zionist movement were ensured by his bequest to the Hebrew University of his private archives consisting of nearly 50,000 pages of material, including some 4,000 items of scientific content. These archives now join the Newton collection.

In his theological writings Isaac Newton affirmed the doctrine of the Restoration of the Jews but admitted the manner I know not. Let time be the interpreter. Einstein lived to see the day - and played a not unimportant role as a practical pioneer of renaissance Israel.

DAVID CARRINGTON,
12 Netherfield Road, Finchley, London N12.

'Ulpian'

Sir, - This critic's wrath - admiring amusement at such effrontery, rather - is directed towards Honoré's use, misuse and misstatement of evidence for *Ulpian* (and his other books). For him (Letters, April 8), the way Ulpian uses *per contrarium quoque* is determined by a mighty strange reference (check it) to Quintilian, not by studying Ulpian. Another lovely example: Honoré argues that the first five books of Ulpian ad edictum were written earlier than the others and claims in evidence that a higher proportion of sentences end with the present indicative of the verb *esse*. He finds fifty examples. Even if one could accept - one can't - that it is the form of the verb, not its use as present indicative or auxiliary, that is to be treated as a usage, the form occurs only thirty-three times. The occurrence is thus not more frequent than in the subsequent books. The counting is simple.

It is an interesting question how one can make such gross mistakes, be so consistent in error and not in anything else. Honoré demolishes the obstacles to his thesis by the rapid fire of fake ammunition. It is comforting that only if someone fixes a better chronology (for Honoré) will we be able to see for the first time (for Honoré) whether one or more of his findings is "wrong".

ALAN WATSON,
School of Law, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia 19104.

The Asiatic Mode of Production

Sir, - I am most grateful to Ernest Gellner for his extended, detailed, and in certain important respects generous, essay-review (January 14) of my recent book *The Fall and Rise of the Asiatic Mode of Production*. At the same time, I must confess that I find Gellner's position somewhat puzzling, even puzzling, because it seems to me that in order to be consistent with what he says about Marxism in the opening paragraphs of the review, Gellner would have to conclude that I had wasted my time in writing the book, or at least that my research, whatever its purely scholarly merits might be, had about the same degree of present relevance as a study of early Christian heresies, or of the intricacies of Buddhist doctrine. Needless to say, this is not the way I see my work, and judging by the final portion of the review, Gellner does not see it that way either.

I certainly do not agree that the "concrete content" of Marxism is "now discredited", except perhaps in certain circles in purely political sense for reasons not relevant in any

straightforward way to its merits as a body of social theory - and even this much is highly questionable given the current economic situation in many Western countries. Nor do I find Gellner's parallels between Marxist and Christian doctrine particularly persuasive. In fact, his most striking comparison is faulty, even in its own rather arbitrary terms: if and when the revolution comes, those who reject it and fight against it - as large numbers of people will probably feel compelled by their class interests to do, and as some others may do for other reasons - will be physically or socially destroyed (if the revolution is worldwide), or at least expelled (in the case of one limited to a single country); they will hardly be saved against (or independently of) their wills. More broadly: by any serious and sophisticated Marxist interpretation - including many of those now being made by Soviet scholars - there is nothing automatic or predestined about the course of history; it is determined, not by the transcendent plan of any deity, but by the actions and reactions of human beings, who, as individuals, are free to act and react in various ways. Finally, the Marxist theory of history (and I am not concerned, either here - except for purposes of rebuttal - or in the main text of my book, with other forms, aspects, or elements of the Marxist tradition) is not a mere failed Christian vision, but a hypothesis about the way history works, and one which in principle is testable - although admittedly the process of testing is more complex, and its methodology less advanced, in relation to a theory of this kind, than for example in the natural sciences.

Turning now to some of the specific points raised in the review:

1. The omission of the Nikiforov book and the Sawyer article from my analysis resulted from simple ignorance on my part. On the other hand, Semenov's 1980 article became available only after the initial submission of my manuscript to the publishers. However, having now looked in a preliminary way at the Nikiforov book, I think that, while it would have permitted me to refine my argument at certain points, and to expand my source base somewhat, it does not call for major revisions in what I wrote. Nikiforov does not seem to reach conclusions fundamentally different from those of Kachanovskii in his 1972 book, which I analysed in some detail, or to go significantly beyond the latter in coverage of the sources. Furthermore, Nikiforov's main points are rather fully anticipated

in the papers presented by him during the later stages of the debate on the Asiatic mode of production.

2. Gellner makes me appear more heterodox, in relation to the Marxist tradition as currently constituted, than I really am - which may be in part my own fault, for omitting an important element from the analysis. In 1970, Iu. I. Semenov published, in *Narodnyy Afriki* no 5, an important article, "The Theory of Socioeconomic Systems and the Process of World History" (translation in *Soviet Anthropology and Archaeology*, 1977, vol 16, no 1) in which he set forth a modification of the sequence of social orders, as it had been conceived of up to that point, on which the concluding paragraphs of my book were based. I elected not to analyse this article in detail, because I feared that it would take me into excessively deep philosophical water. A detailed treatment of the issues involved here is included in a joint article by my wife and myself now in the final stages of preparation, which will appear, we hope, before long in the journal *Soviet Union*. Very briefly, Semenov contends that the historical process now takes place on a worldwide scale rather than within any more limited area: therefore (although Semenov does not exclusively draw this final conclusion) the inability of the social order governed by the Asiatic mode of production to evolve from within itself does not negate the law-governed nature of the historical process as a whole. It is true that capitalism developed only once in history, but this also applies to Darwinian biological evolution, and no one to my knowledge contends on this basis that Darwinian evolution is not an example of the operation of natural law.

STEPHEN P. DUNN,
Highgate Road Social Science Research Station, 32 Highgate Road, Berkeley, California 94707.

(Dr) Johnson

Sir, - I entirely agree with Nora Crook (Letters, April 1) that the addition of unnecessary names or epithets to distinguish female from male writers is unnecessary. As she writes, "Why this provincialism on our part?" Anthony Burgess really went us to go back to the days of "Miss Austen's exquisite fictions", etc?

But why, when giving us this admirable exhortation, does she refer in her letter to one "Dr Johnson"? To be sure, Samuel Johnson (1709-84), if one needs to distinguish him from

other literary Samuel Johnsons, some of them also "Doctors", was awarded honorary doctorates by Oxford and Dublin universities. But he was no more in the habit of using the epithet than most other sensible writers so honoured - than, say, Thomas Stearns Eliot, also the recipient of an honorary doctorate from Oxford, whom Nora Crook refers to, not as "Dr Eliot", but as "T.S."

I am putting together a biography of Johnson's later years, those in which he received his two honorary doctoral degrees, and am trying to puzzle out why modern writers persist in stigmatising him as "Doctor". Nora Crook writes, "we have changed our practice for the better over the past 100 years." I wish she would tell us what impels her to continue to use the provincial designation. Does she really want us to go back to the days of "dear, quaint old Dr Johnson's amusing personal idiosyncrasies"?

DONALD GREENE,
Department of English, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California 90007.

'Brecht's Early Plays'

Sir, - I was interested to read R.C. Speirs's letter written in reply to my review of *Brecht's Early Plays* (March 25). If he had made the points in his book that he makes in his letter, he would have come closer to getting the balance right, but in English usage the word "bookseller" suggests the owner of a bookshop; his employees are normally described as "assistants". Since Garga is an assistant to an establishment which is primarily a lending library, it is doubly misleading to label him as a bookseller.

Dr Speirs's letter also provides evidence to substantiate a point I made in my review about the dangers of stepping the problem presented by Brecht's revision of his texts. At the very least, Speirs should have made it clear which text he was using. The variations between the different versions of *Baal* are more important than the discrepancies between the two versions (1922 and 1927) of *Im Dickicht*, but in the Subkamp edition of Brecht's *Stücke*, Garga says: "Ich verkaufe Ihnen die Anstalten von Mr. J. V. Jensen und Mr. Arthur Rimbaud..."; according to Speirs's letter, he says: "I'll sell you the New Testament..."

RONALD HAYMAN,
25 Church Row, London NW3.

Among this week's contributors

LESLIE ALCOCK is Professor of Archaeology at the University of Glasgow.

PARCY ALLUM's books include *L'Italia tra crisi ed emergenza*, 1979.

FRANCIS AMES-LEWIS is co-author with Joanne Wright, of *Drawings in the Indian Renaissance Workshop*, 1983.

JAMES BARR is Regius Professor of Hebrew at the University of Oxford.

MARY KATHLEEN BENNETT's books include *The Character of Adaption*, 1976, and *Writers in Love*, 1977.

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG is the editor of *Poland: Genesis of a Revolution*, 1983.

HUMPHREY CARPENTER's *The Inklings* was published in 1978.

DAVID COWARD is a lecturer in French at the University of Leeds.

GAVIN EWART's recent collection of poems, *More Little Ones*, was published earlier this year.

STEPHEN FENNAR's *Plotting the Golden West* was published last year.

ARTHUR FREEMAN's *Elizabeth's Misfits: Brief Lives of English Eccentrics, Exploiters, Rogues, and Failures 1580-1660* was published in 1978.

JASPER GRIFFIN is a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. His books include *Snobs*, 1982.

JOHN HANKEY's theatre-historical edition of *Richard III* was published in 1981.

C. J. HAYWOOD is a lecturer in the History of the Near and Middle East at the School of Oriental and African Studies.

PETER HEBBLETHWAITE's most recent book is *Introducing John Paul II*, the *Populisti* Pope, 1982.

DOMINIC HIBBERD is a lecturer in English at the University of Keele.

DAVID HINA is a lecturer in Politics at the University of Newcastle.

MICHAEL HOLMÖY is the editor of *The Genius of Shaw*, 1979.

JOHN HUME is a lecturer in History at the University of Strathclyde.

MICHAEL IONATIEFF's *A Just Measure of Pain: The Penitentiary in the Industrial Revolution* was published in 1978.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON is Professor of French History at University College London.

TONY JUDT is the author of *La Resistance du Parti Socialiste 1921-1926, 1976*, and *Socialism in Provence*, 1979.

J. H. C. LEACH is a Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford.

E. R. J. OWEN is the author of *The Middle East in the World Economy 1800-1914*, 1981.

PHILIP PETTIT is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Bradford.

VIOLET POWELL's most recent book, *The Constant Novelist: A Study of Margaret Kennedy*, will be published in June.

PETER REBOROVE's most recent collection of poems, *The Apple-Brook*, was published in 1981.

ALAN RYAN teaches politics at New College, Oxford.

FRANCES SPALDINO is the author of *Roger Fry: Art and Life*, 1981.

ZARA STERNER is the editor of *The Times Survey of Foreign Ministers of the World*, 1982.

JOHN STOKES is the author of *Outer Wilds*, 1978. He is a lecturer in English at the University of Warwick.

FRANK TUOHY's collection of stories, *Live Bolt*, was published in 1978.

DAVID WALKER is Principal Inspector of Historic Buildings, Scotland, and co-author of *The Architecture of Glasgow*, 1968.

Finding room for fundamentalism

E. R. J. Owen

DAVID MORTIMER

Islam and Power: The Politics of

Islam. Faber. £10.50 (paperback,

1981) 1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

1981 1981

concrete historical situations in the twentieth century: Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, the central Arab lands, Iran and the Muslim areas of Soviet Central Asia.

Mortimer takes as his central theme the observation that "every Muslim state has somehow to define the role that Islam plays in it, and a modern Muslim state has either to choose between Islam and nationalism or to find some synthesis of the two". This leads him naturally to spend most time analysing developments at the level of the government and state and he has particularly enlightening things to say about the use of consultations and of legal systems to try to solve the dilemmas. But in two chapters, those on the central Arab lands and Iran, he describes the process by which a number of essentially secular solutions to the problem came to be challenged by popular forces representing a more religiously oriented view of socio-political arrangements, notably the Muslim Brothers and the followers of Ayatullah Khomeini.

The main virtue of such an approach is that Mortimer has found a relatively simple way of presenting some of the most important aspects of his subject, and of explaining their enduring vitality, while managing to remain humble in front of its essential difficulty and complexity. It also helps that he continually presents himself as an outsider, without access to any esoteric sources of specialized knowledge. Nevertheless, such an approach has obvious limitations. I would like to suggest three.

First, by ending his general historical section on the political life of the Muslim peoples at the end of the nineteenth century, Mortimer deprives himself of any way of exploring the nature of what it is they now have in common and of the continuing process of interaction between them. It is true that he mentions a number of present links - for example the general influence exercised by particular thinkers like the Pakistani Maududi, or the very obvious fear felt by many Arab rulers at the Iranian revolution.

Beyond the *zahir*

C. J. Heywood

MICHAEL GILSENAN

Recognising Islam

288pp. Croom Helm. £12.95.

(paperback, £5.95).

0 7099 1119 X

To Jacob Burckhardt, Islam was "a low religion of slight inwardness" and "the triumph of utility". Its founder fared no better: "a radical simplifier" of whose career Burckhardt observes gloomily that "it is the general tendency of our minds to deduce great changes from great effects". (Last such judgments be thought far from home, it is worth remembering that Burckhardt seems to have borrowed them in large part from Ignaz Dollinger, archbishop of Munich and the revered preceptor of Lord Acton. *Odium theologicum*: in not the prerogative of present-day Occident, mid-Victorian England from a very different political standpoint. E. A. Freeman was being just as uncannily accurate about the Ottomans.)

More recently, and from rather less distance, V. S. Naipaul, as much an outsider in his world as Burckhardt, lived avowedly as a man of the people, rather than to borrow an unkind Cambridge libel - the enclosed life of an ascetic, arrived at much the same conclusion, after an interrogation of Persian taxi-drivers, mollahs and failed revolutionaries, and foggy-minded civil servants and poets from points further east. Both outsider views, particularly suitable as ammunition for the current sub-intellectual theory that "outsiders" do not understand, and therefore cannot be permitted to study Islam.

Historians have it easier, perhaps. For them Islam may exist as a set of given influences the form of a

document or an argument, but possibly no more or less. Michael Gilsenan, an anthropologist well known in his own field, can neither hide behind archival barricades nor take refuge in the elegant but slip judgments of the journalist. And yet, in this revelatory and self-revelatory memoir, he seems to have been struck at an impressionable age by sentiments akin to both Burckhardt's and Naipaul's: not from afar, but close to, in the feudal sunset glow of British and shakily rule in what is now the People's Democratic Republic of South Yemen. That was more than twenty years ago, but instead of turning away, Gilsenan stayed on, in an attempt to account satisfactorily for the apparent discrepancy between the public and the private faces of piety, and for what seemed to be an irresolvable contradiction between manifestations of slight spiritual inwardness and strong social cohesion.

The result is a powerful, if uneven work, which may become a classic in its genre. Gilsenan's starting-point, one which reflects current scholarly orthodoxies, is that, beginning with the Ottoman state in the mid-nineteenth century, Islamic society was secularized and religion effectively removed as a basic element in political, economic and even social life. One result of this was to deprive the *ulema*, the "men of learning and authority" from their privileged position as guardians and interpreters of Islamic revelation and, therefore, as arbiters of the political, ideological and economic structures of the state. In this role they were empowered, in other words, to legitimize the deposition of a sultan or the disposal of a disputed inheritance. Under the stresses of reform, religion changed from being something enshrined in the state to something objectified as an "irrational" and external barrier to regular progress. As a result, as Gilsenan astutely observes, the formally defined "Islamic character" of the Ottoman

state may have been diminished while that of Ottoman society, and what he calls "the new urban and rural lower classes" may have been considerably intensified. In this as in so many other ways the nineteenth-century Ottoman state may have been a bell-wether for most other Islamic polities, although one may query the "newness" of there is more evidence for the existence of a dispossessed, rootless, and disaffected proletariat in rural or tribal Anatolia, or of a howling urban mob in late seventeenth-century Istanbul, than for the period in question: this being more a function of the essential nature of Ottoman and Islamic society, even in its "pre-secular" phase, than of any extra (and Western-derived) secularisms and social pressures.

Gilsenan's concern, however, is with the present, or at least with the very recent past. Here, from his experience in Egypt and Lebanon, he writes from close to, unlike Naipaul, although equally a self-conscious outsider, he knows the language and he knows more history. Half Candide, half Mayhew, the result is an intricate memoir of study and travel among the believers during the past twenty years.

Hellenic homologues

James Barr

JOSEPH YAHUDA

Hebrew is Greek
686pp. Becket Publications, Saint Thomas House, Becket Street, Oxford OX1 1SL. £60.
0 7289 0013 0

What can be meant by a book the title of which asserts that "Hebrew is Greek"? It certainly stimulates curiosity. Let us make clear from the start, therefore, what its thesis is. Joseph Yahuda does not argue that Hebrew and Greek are both descended from some remote common origin. His title is meant literally. He means that Hebrew as it is is Greek as it is, or rather Greek as it was in Homeric and classical times. Historical and comparative perspectives are on the whole foreign to his view of the matter; indeed he tends to scoff at such concepts as "Semitic" and "Indo-European". The disciplines of comparative philology, its careful registration and testing of phonological correspondences and historical changes, are prime casualties of his approach. Nor does he argue that there are some words of Greek origin in Hebrew or the converse, but that Hebrew is Greek. It is not a question of influence, or borrowing, or translation, or historical development: it is a question of identity. The words of the Bible in Hebrew are Greek words. The similarities extend to grammar also: Hebrew has a dative case (like Greek, an aorist tense, a middle voice, a subjunctive and an optative.

It is, therefore, just as if one were to claim that Milton's *Paradise Lost* was a text in Russian. If the reader objected that it looked very like an English poem and not at all like a piece of Russian, he would be shown a set of permutations of vowels, consonants, prefixes and terminations, from which it would emerge that each word of Milton's text was in fact a Russian word; and, since the Russian words, remarkably, added up to pretty much the same general meaning as the English had had in the first place, it would have been demonstrated that Russian and English are the same language anyway.

The key concept used by Yahuda in establishing such a relation for Hebrew and Greek is the "homology" or "homologue". Homology is the relation between a Hebrew word and one or more Greek words which mean more or less the same thing and/or correspond in form; this correspondence in form means more or less that the same letters, or reliable letters, occur in both words. Thus Hebrew *ahab* "love" is an obvious homologue of Greek *agapao*: they are not accidentally similar but are the same word. When one reads the Hebrew word, "in the Bible", one is reading the Greek word. Hebrew *rapha* "heal" is equally obviously the homologue of Greek *therapeuo* (whence our *therapy* comes), though it is true the first syllable of the latter has to be dropped. Such homologies constitute the main instrument of Yahuda's presentation, and hundreds of pages of the book are taken up with no more than the listing of them. For many he offers no argument or justification; rather, he simply presents the Hebrew and the Greek words in juxtaposition, as though it was so obvious that they are the same word that no justification is needed.

The first thing to strike the reader, however, is that most of the Greek words cited have not the slightest resemblance to the Hebrew words with which they are supposed to be homologous. Hebrew *yakal* "counsel" is said to be homologous with Greek *midomai* "intend, plan". *Magen* "shield" is homologous with *hopion* "weapon". Yahuda deals with this by means of the "interchanges" which may, he thinks, take place between the Greek form and the Hebrew form of the same word. Hebrew *kay* may correspond to any of the Greek letters *κ, χ, κ, φ, κ, ψ* and either the rough or the smooth breathing. Hebrew *g* interchanges with *β, γ, δ, ζ, θ, π, ρ, σ*; digamma, *ϕ*, *ο* and *ω* of the two breathings. Such variety obtains with more or less every one of the letters. Moreover, dialect is brought into the picture. Hebrew *bakar* "chose" does

not look very like *hairevo* (in its middle voice) (the same meaning, but in Laconian and Cretan one sometimes finds a *β* where Attic has the rough breathing. Any variation found between any two dialects of Greek is valid for the establishment of a homology with Hebrew. The result is, obviously, that any word in Greek can be made to "homologize" with any word of Hebrew at all. Greek *oikos* "house" is identical with Hebrew *bayit* "house", for it was *wikos* with digamma, and *w* is the same as *β, κ* is the same as *φ*, while *o* is manifestly the same as *α* and the termination drops off, leaving us with *bayit*. This is a mild example. *Kabod* "glory" is the homologue of *kudos*. But *kabed* "liver", which belongs to the same root in Hebrew, homologizes with *epatos*, the genitive of the Greek word "liver". The homology with Greek thus tears apart the actual network of functional relations within Hebrew.

Why then stop with Greek? In principle Yahuda does not stop there. Other European tongues are related to Hebrew, indeed in principle they are Hebrew (and Greek). Latin *ad* and Hebrew *el*, English *and* and Hebrew *et*, French *sur* and Hebrew *al*, are French pairs, all easily traceable to Greek. The Indian term *mahatma*, familiar as an epithet of Gandhi, actually occurs in the Hebrew Bible, since it would be *megolothumatos* in Greek and this is identical with a word in Prov. 19:19 - one of the most grotesque absurdities of this book. For the most part, however, the author leaves these remote fields untouched and concentrates on Greek. The Jebusites, the ancient inhabitants of Jerusalem, were Boeotians, as their name makes clear. *Gaza*, in Hebrew *'Azza*, was Greek *aitia* "the city", i.e. Athens, so named by the Greeks after their goddess or their metropolis.

In essence, then, Yahuda's approach is the turning back of the clock to a situation that existed before any of the modern study of language grew up. No tenet of historical and comparative philology is not violated in this work. This book belongs to the world of some centuries ago, when men groped towards the comparison of languages through casual similarities of words, maintaining that all languages were a form of Dutch, or that French was a dialect of Arabic, or that ancient Egyptian was a kind of Gaelic.

Hebrew is Greek equally contradicts everything perceived and affirmed by the newer linguistics also. It has no idea of a language as a system to be seen in its own right, no idea of the inner interconnections that bind the language together. Its interest is focused on only two things: on the written letters, which "interchange" with the letters of another language, and on the isolated words. There is practically nothing about syntax or about extended passages such as sentences; and this for an obvious reason, namely that even if one can see a single Hebrew word in some way as a Greek word there is no means of producing a syntactical structure for it which is other than Hebrew.

Yahuda sometimes thinks of the biblical words as a cryptogram. They are in a code which has to be cracked. He has deciphered this code. But what he offers us is not a code. A code is a set of operational rules which, once known, can be followed by others and will transmit one set of signals unequivocally into another. Yahuda has no such code. Even if some other person accepted his theory and pursued it, he would still arrive at a wildly different set of "homologies". Even if Hebrew were really Greek, there would be no reason why the Greek identifications offered by him should be any more valid than any other set. The only vortification for his solutions is the fact that he himself happens to have thought of these ones and not others. The importance of this will be seen shortly.

For scholarship, then, this book, though learned-looking, full of words in Greek, Hebrew and Arabic script, attractively printed, extending to nearly 700 pages in length and being correspondingly expensive to buy, is of no importance or interest. The author simply does not know what he is talking

about. But this does not mean that it is not significant as a cultural phenomenon. His whole approach exemplifies certain popular attitudes of our time. Some people will be intrigued by the idea. They will say that there must be something in it. What then are the cultural ingredients and heritages that contribute to the formation of the idea that the Hebrew Bible is written in Greek?

Language superstition is deeply engrained in the cultures of the Middle East. Popular traditions about languages support and nourish it. The rise of an accurate and disciplined linguistic science has not had much effect upon people's attitudes. The very success of comparative philology, illustrated for many by the easy accessibility of relations between Arabic and Hebrew, may have encouraged the idea that languages can be "compared" on a basis of similar meanings plus some interchange of letters, while the principle that these operations work only under strictly controlled conditions may be ignored. Thus popular language comparison flourishes: the man on the Tel Aviv omnibus may bear examples every day. People do not necessarily believe it to be true; but it continues to fascinate them. They know that the word *British* is not really composed of Hebrew *berit* and *'ish* "covenant of man"; but they cannot bring themselves to forget and ignore the idea. (Reinforcement comes from religious tradition. Ancient rabbis and theologians occasionally found in the Hebrew Old Testament words that they pronounced to be Greek or Latin. Added to these is the principle that, if you can do something sometimes, you can do it all the time. This is evident in Yahuda's book. There are some Hebrew words that might be Greek, or that have been thought to be Greek: therefore all its words are Greek. There are no doubt exceptions to the regular phonological correspondences between cognate languages: because there are some exceptions, exceptions may be posited all the time.

Another major ingredient in language superstition is nationalism, tribalism and ethnocentrism. The more obvious form of this would tend to stress the uniqueness of a language like Hebrew or Arabic, or to suppose that all languages are derived from one of these. This is not Yahuda's approach. He is more of a universalist, interested in a common heritage. He began, he tells us, with a natural animosity against the Greeks as persecutors of the Jews, but his studies have made it clear that their ancient differences were fratricidal, quarrels within one family. The common language means that the literary heritage is one: Homer is as Jewish as the Hebrew Bible is Greek. The result is quite ecumenical: the Jewish, the "Christo-European" and the Islamic cultures all originate from Hellenia. This is at least well meant. Whether it is realistic must be doubtful. The obvious linguistic commonness of Hebrew and Arabic has not led very directly to peace in the Middle East. Even the universalism of our author is built upon ethnocentric perceptions. His thinking is very similar in style to that of those who suppose the British to be descended from the lost ten tribes of Israel. The Helots of Laconia were "Israelites", as the prophet Obadiah (1) makes clear. The inhabitants of Iraq (= Greek Argos), Syria and Arabia (= Greek *arabia* "desert land") are mainly Syrian and Chaldean in origin, as well as being Hittites, which is much the same sort of thing.

To these forces we must add what may be called text superstition: the belief that the essence, the fixed and basic nucleus, of a holy book lies not in the meanings, not in the message or the sense, but in the actual letters, the characters themselves. Interpretation may therefore vary quite freely, while the text is inviolable. Here Yahuda is violent rejection of scholarly opinion is significant. His main irritation with dictionaries and other scholarly works arises because he thinks they suggest corrections of the text. But corrections of the text may be motivated by respect for the integrity of the language. The language ought to make sense as

Hebrew; therefore there may be ground for supposing that scribes have at times made mistakes in copying. Yahuda, anxious for the integrity of the text, cares nothing for the integrity of the language and its network of meanings. Yet the damage done to the Bible by those who propose corrections of the text is as nothing to the violence done to it by one who rips its fabric of language and meaning to shreds by arguing that it is Greek.

It is interesting that Yahuda's theories result in comparatively little semantic change. Now and again he says that completely new translations of the Bible will be required, in order to accommodate the new visions of meaning attained once it is seen that it is in Greek. Actually, however, as a result of Yahuda's ingenuity, curiously little changes. Occasionally a novel meaning is suggested; but on the whole the Bible continues to say what it has long been understood to say. The changes are marginal. In any case he offers few actual new translations or interpretations, because his main interest is in single words and not in sentences or longer complexes.

But this only shows the naivety of the author. He displays no awareness of the weapon that he is delivering into the hands of the enemies of Judaism. Paraphrasing in his hands the Hebrew Bible, read as Greek, still maintains the basic truths of his religion. But anyone else who follows him and starts to read it as Greek will very likely come to a quite different set of results. There are plenty of people who are ready to exploit language fantasies as a means for attacking traditional religions. These will say: now that we know that the Old Testament is a Greek book, it is evident that it means things enormously different from what the Jews in their ignorance have thought. Take the Ten Commandments. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." But, such an interpreter will say, following Yahuda's principles: the word *lo*, usually understood as Hebrew and as meaning "not", must certainly homologize with the Homeric *ra* "indeed, verily", by familiar, easy and obvious interchanges of the letters. There is no doubt, therefore, that

Moses was enjoining polytheism - and very naturally too in the archaic Greek environment in which he and the Hebrews lived. Similarly the commandments would double as courage stealing and adultery. There is nothing in Yahuda's methods to prevent such conclusions.

The fact is that anyone who interprets the Old Testament as anything other than a Hebrew book deals a serious blow at the entire structure of Judaism - and indirectly Christianity also. Judaism is built upon the understanding of the Bible as a Hebrew work. Its greatest authority never for a moment dreamed it could be otherwise. Rashid did not suppose the Torah to be written in Greek, and Maimonides never thought it was other than in Hebrew. Bitter of these men have thought that there were half a dozen Greek words in it; but they know, quite clearly, that all the basic networks and structures of language within the text were purely Hebrew. To throw doubt upon the Hebrew language of the Bible, to suggest that it is identical with Greek or any other language, is simply to tear apart the entire fabric of meaning and associations through which the Bible has been understood for millennia. Yet it seems not to occur to the author that this is what he is doing.

Finally, in another sense this book is an attempt to get away from the central fact about human language, namely that it exists in numerous quite different and mutually unintelligible languages. When God destroyed the tower of Babel, he made the languages of men unintelligible to one another. Mr Yahuda thinks that he did not do this as thoroughly as he has been supposed. Greeks and Hebrews have been speaking the same language all along, although they did not realize it. But those who told the story of the tower of Babel knew better. God made the languages of men into quite distinct entities. Perhaps, as the Christian story of Pentecost tells, some day he will do something to alter this. But until then we had better accept that Hebrew is Hebrew, and Greek is Greek.

Hiding assets

Marghanita Laski

RANDOLPH QUIRK

Style and Communication in the English Language
136pp. Edward Arnold, Paperback, £4.95.
0 7131 6260 0

The reworked chapters and reviews which, with one seeming exception, make up Randolph Quirk's *Style and Communication in the English Language* have an advantage over many such collections: in being concerned with the single subject of language. The disadvantages are the usual ones: that not only length, depth and weight have been determined by other controls than the author's wish, but often the subject-matter too. He can hardly suppose that had Professor Quirk been planning a book on language from scratch, he would have included both a 5½-page tribute to Eric Partridge and a 9½-page chapter called "Grammatical and Pragmatic Aspects of Countability" from *Die Neuen Sprachen*. The book is, indeed, a tribute to the author's catholicity of interest in the single subject of language. But we who know less cannot hope to profit from more than a chapter here, another there.

Some of us will have hoped for most satisfaction from the pieces on dictionaries, especially after reading in the foreword, "I devote a good deal of space to dictionaries". What this sentence seems to mean is that from the many pieces Quirk could have put into this book, he chose to put in most of the dictionaries. Would he had chosen more, and given us a deeper and richer survey of the subject rather

than what amounts to little more than skim over some dictionaries not available, a *review* of Elizabeth Murray's *A Guide to the Web of Words* and some comments on the emergence into the public domain of a popular language once circulating in only limited worlds of discourse and letters.

Disappointed, then, in Quirk's *Dictionaries*, I found my own pet fictions here in comments, like the notice taken, in the piece on broadcast English, of Angela Ripston's term "That's it from me." Quirk's own termination is, with characteristic perversity, a piece on beginnings, where, in a conversation that has already silently been taking place between the poet and the reader, the poet begins to speak aloud and this is the most usefully provocative piece here.

"With characteristic perversity," reference is to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's which may delight or madden. This is that he cannot leave a catch-phrase alone. He must take the roughness with the smoothies," he writes of the poets, merchants, a play I quote like, but not those like Ogden who sought to liberate people from the binding persuaders." Why hiding and not revealing? Quirk's hidden? Does Quirk's reference to a trick of Quirk's

The Georgian mentality

David Walker

THOMAS A. MARKUS (Editor)
Order in Space and Society:
Architectural Form and its Context
in the Scottish Enlightenment
322pp. Edinburgh: Mainstream. £20.
0 906391 29 6

This handsome volume, mainly the product of the University of Strathclyde's Department of Architecture and Building Science – and thus with something of a Glasgow bias – consists of an introduction and four essays devoted to architecture, supplemented by a fifth on the social background and the political and philosophical thought of the time as illustrated in its literature. Considerably more than half the book has been written by Thomas A. Markus himself. It is he who contributes the two major essays and sets the theme of the book, with its emphasis on form, space and order, both in the cities as a whole and in the development of new building types, in the context of the social, political, industrial and philosophical trends of later Georgian times.

Markus's first essay, "The Sad, The Bad and The Mad", a study of Edinburgh and Glasgow hospital, courthouse, prison and asylum architecture, takes the theme of Helen Rosensaft's *Social Purpose in Architecture* and develops them a good deal further in a Scottish context, with many excellent hitherto unpublished illustrations. The section devoted to prisons provides a supplement of much more than merely Scottish interest in

Robin Evans's *The Fabrication of Virtue: English Prison Architecture 1750-1840*: the story of the development and eventual partial abandonment of Bentham's panopticon principles in Robert Adam's Edinburgh Bridewell is fully told, while the competitive projects by Robert Reid, David Hamilton and William Stark for the Glasgow Justiciary Buildings are at least well illustrated even if one regrets that the briefs for what were clearly two separate projects have not been found. The later developments at Duke Street Prison, Glasgow, are, however, very scrappily culled from maps when the main facts are not too hard to find (radial wings 1824-5, enlargement of the original block by Herbertson, 1838-9, general rebuilding by Salmon, 1871, and Carrick, 1874). Moreover the essay is less comprehensive than it might be: Robert Reid's Edinburgh Justiciary complex in Parliament Square, raised up on a massive substructure of grim carceri, and the Glasgow-type complexes at Ayr and Perth are absent, as is Reid's Perth Prison, historically significant as the first in Scotland where the radial concept was realized in actual building (1810-12).

The integrated radial planning in Baxter's plan of 1791 for the Edinburgh Bridewell, borrowed, as Evans has shown, from Blackburn's Salford prison, was to reach its fullest realization, coupled to a rigid hierarchical classification of the patients, in Stark's Glasgow Asylum, designed in 1807. Markus's account of asylum development, excellent though it is on Stark, is, however, only half the story. The pioneer asylum at Montrose, begun in 1780 and one of

the largest building projects then being undertaken in Scotland, long demolished and as yet unstudied, is not discussed; neither is Burn's Perth Murray Royal in relation to the Crichton Royal at Dumfries (1834), which, as Markus shows, is closely derived from Watson and Pritchett's Wakefield example of 1815: Perth is twelve years earlier and essentially similar, but with three arms instead of four. All three of his building types might usefully have been examined more closely in terms of architectural expression as well as of plan. The Frenchness of Hamilton's Glasgow courthouse designs is not examined, nor is the pioneering of the Greek Doric order hard on the heels of the Hamilton and Stark designs, while the clear relationship between Stark's executed courthouse and Thomas Harrison's at Chester in their colonnaded hemicycle courtrooms is not picked up. To a lesser degree the same might be observed of the hospital section. The close resemblance in general arrangement between the central pavilions of William Adam's Edinburgh Infirmary (begun 1738) and Soufflot's Hôtel Dieu at Lyons (designed 1740) is hardly likely to be wholly accidental and suggests the possibility of some radical re-design before completion in 1748, even though Adam had already shown interest in the French square-domed centrepieces at his Edinburgh Orphan Hospital of 1734 and George Watson's Hospital (a grander institution for the children of merchants) of 1738-40.

Markus's second essay, "The School as Machine", similarly begins with Benthamite concepts but the cylinder and the polygon soon gave way to the

plainest of machine-shop rectangles, most of these devoid of formal architectural quality in the conventional sense, the interest being in the arrangements of floors and furnishings devised to meet the needs of the monitorial or pupil-teacher system. The relationship of London and Scottish methods in their development, from Andrew Bell, Joseph Lancaster and Robert Owen onwards is well studied. The Glasgow educationist David Stow emerges as the major figure, in Scotland at least, from the 1820s onwards. Both his Glasgow "Normal" schools had architectural pretensions usually reserved for the grander burgh and endowed schools (but why is the Free Church school ascribed to Charles Wilson rather than Thomas Burns?) and his highly influential *Training System* ran through nine editions from 1836 to 1853, the last including a design for London sites with an open arched play area at the ground floor, an idea frequently adopted in later board schools on cramped sites. The original idea was not, however, Stow's but that of Alexander Black, the Heriot Trust's architect who built several schools in Edinburgh on this principle from 1839 onwards. Excellent though Markus's essay is, it is important to bear in mind that it represents only one aspect of nineteenth-century Scottish education, even if the most influential one.

Peter Reed and Frank Walker contribute complementary essays on the New Town developments in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Reed's Edinburgh essay is the weakest in the book, both historically and critically, and hardly takes us as far as A. J. Youngson's *The Making of Classical Edinburgh* or Ian O. Lindsay's *Georgian Edinburgh*, concentrating on an attempt to interpret the several developments in terms of a neo-

classical formal code of place and route (where to use palace fronts and emphasize corner pavilions) which is really only fully valid on Robert Frenk Walker's estate developments. Frenk Walker writes on the Glasgow gridiron with far greater perception and feeling, and his detailed elucidation of the formalization and enlargement of the eighteenth-century city west of Buchanan Street is a major contribution to our knowledge, as is his western extension over Blythswood Hill, even if he leaves the full extent of James Gillespie Graham's involvement in the later phases to a fuller investigation of the Blythswood estate.

The weakness of any collection of essays such as this is that it is liable to present an incomplete and unbalanced picture. Markus's book covers only a few aspects of Scottish late Georgian architecture, and while his preface reminds us that this collection of essays was commissioned, and its title decided on, before the heady days of the *Lancashire Declaration*, the final result is a reminder that the most devoted of liberal individualists must have room in his heart for the national feeling of the individuals whose values he values. Although MacCormick spends some time arguing that nationalism, at least among the Scots, is not the post-French Revolutionary invention which so many histories of nationalism claim it is, it also appears to that great defender of the principles of 1789, Immanuel Kant, to support his evidence that nationality and individuality are entirely consistent. The Kantian ideal of respect for persons implies an obligation in each of us to respect that which in others constitutes any part of their sense of their own identity. For many people, though quite probably not for all, a sense of belonging to a community is an element in this precious fabric of identity. For the rougher and more chauvinistic sorts of nationalism, of course, MacCormick has nothing to say, though those who are deeply read

MACCORMICK

Overriding interests

Alan Ryan

NON-MACCORMICK
Legal Right and Social Democracy:
Essays in Legal and Political Philosophy
170pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
£12.50.
0 19 825385 0

As we begin with last things first. Neil MacCormick's title by no means refers to or expresses any attachment to, the Social Democratic Party; Professor MacCormick has long been one of the intellectual ornaments of Scottish liberalism, and while his preface reminds us that this collection of essays was commissioned, and its title decided on, before the heady days of the *Lancashire Declaration*, the final result is a reminder that the most devoted of liberal individualists must have room in his heart for the national feeling of the individuals whose values he values. Although MacCormick spends some time arguing that nationalism, at least among the Scots, is not the post-French Revolutionary invention which so many histories of nationalism claim it is, it also appears to that great defender of the principles of 1789, Immanuel Kant, to support his evidence that nationality and individuality are entirely consistent. The Kantian ideal of respect for persons implies an obligation in each of us to respect that which in others constitutes any part of their sense of their own identity. For many people, though quite probably not for all, a sense of belonging to a community is an element in this precious fabric of identity. For the rougher and more chauvinistic sorts of nationalism, of course, MacCormick has nothing to say, though those who are deeply read

in Scottish history no doubt have a different view of who the chauvinists are from those of us who think it's a disease of Scottish football fans and Welsh philosophy fans.

Not very much of *Legal Right and Social Democracy* is concerned with such things, or at any rate not very directly. Since the book consists of a collection of already published, though much revised, essays, its unity is somewhat precarious – there are essays on the nature of rights, on the nature of political obligation, on Rawls and justice, on the connections between privacy and obscenity, and on the role of coercion in the law; these are, of course, pretty much the standard issues of legal theory, and the mere fact that an author tackles most of them tells one little about how his treatment of them does or does not cohere. In fact there is a guiding thread of a sort in all this, and it is one which explains why MacCormick is rightly reluctant to surrender his title to any political party. Social democrats, by which I here mean people who accept the mixed economy, the welfare state, and parliamentary democracy as intrinsically good things, and not mere stepping-stones on the way to a Marxist utopia, find themselves awkwardly hemmed in by their enemies. To the right they find writers like Robert Nozick or F. A. von Hayek, who claim that any society which respects rights is barred from running a welfare state, barred from managing the economy, barred from trying to secure distributive justice in incomes and wealth; to the left they find socialists who are decidedly sceptical of the whole idea of individuals having rights in any form. MacCormick is a flock of critics of John Rawls's *A Theory of Justice* among them. To argue that individuals do have rights, that the main task of a decent government is to protect those rights, but that those rights do not include absolute and outright ownership of the resources

which other people need to use in order to earn a living, is the chief task to which social democrats have to direct themselves.

The reason why this is the route they must take is simple enough. They wish to argue that achieving social justice really is a matter of achieving justice; that is, they cannot rest on saying that although the rich no doubt have a perfect right to every penny they possess, and the poor have no rights against them whatever, it would be a kind and charitable thing for the rich to relieve the miseries of the poor. What they must be able to argue is that the poor have a right to have their needs attended to; and to do this, they must be able to come up with an account of what it is to have a right which will make this claim stick. There are formidable difficulties about doing so. Many of our paradigm cases of having a right are strikingly different from anything envisaged by the defenders of a right to welfare. That is, if you steal my bicycle, we know exactly what it is that I have a right to, we know exactly how it has been violated, we know who has a duty to return my bicycle to me, and so on. But if I am simply hard up, it is far harder to say quite what I have a right to – is it a job, so that I can earn my living in a self-respecting way, or merely to money, or even to benefits in kind, such as room in a workhouse and three bad meals a day? We find it even harder to say who has the corresponding duty; if you steal my cycle, it is evidently you who ought to give it back, but who ought to give me a job, or money, or food? Anyone who is very impressed by the standard examples of what it is to have a right is likely to think the welfare state is organized charity, not justice; but anyone who thinks it is demeaning and degrading to be treated as a petitioner for charity will also think we should think differently about rights.

In essence, what MacCormick does is defend what is generally called an

"interest" theory of rights. What it is to have a right is to have an interest in the getting of some benefit, or the doing of some action, or whatever it might be, of such importance that it would be wrong to deny that interest satisfaction whatever other advantages accrued from that denial. The obvious example which favours the interest theory is that of the rights of children. The so-called "will theory" of rights, which insists on the ability of the right-holder to waive, transfer, or stand on his rights, cannot see infants as the possessors of rights. Certainly parents have duties towards children, but children do not really have rights – save in so far as we are inclined to see rights in the shadow cast by others' duties towards them. To many people, this seems quite implausible; it seems much more plausible to say that parents' duties stem from children's rights than to make the whole thing hang on parents' duties. At all events, as MacCormick says, "It certainly does not seem to me in any way objectionable to say that it is because children have a right to care and nurture that parents have the duty to care for them. There might be other grounds (eg. saving taxpayers' money) for imposing such a duty on parents or on whomsoever it may be imposed, but recognition of children's rights is one distinctive reason for doing so."

This does, of course, leave us needing some sort of account of what the basis of moral rights is. MacCormick does not go very far along that track; but he does do a number of other things of considerable relevance to the task. In a chapter on "Civil Liberties and the Law" he argues against invoking natural law in order to constrain governments to respect the liberties of their subjects; he is a legal positivist who agrees with H. L. A. Hart in thinking that much law is not as it should be, and that *ius cogens* *lex non est* is false in fact and bad legal theory. This is not to say that the British legal system must accept as binding in British courts legalized oppression practised elsewhere; but

what British courts must do is recognize the distinction between legal validity and genuine justice. In another essay on "Voluntary Obligations", he shows how an interest theory of rights will account for the fact that making a promise gives the promisee a right – a necessary step in his case for the interest theory, since promising is in many ways the case most favourable to a "will theory" of rights. Where the will theory sees the promisor transferring to the promisee a right which the promisor formerly had, the interest theory concentrates on the expectations knowingly aroused in the promisee. To my mind, this does not work very satisfactorily, since there will be many situations in which we make promises whose breach does not matter much, yet where we feel that the promisee's rights have certainly been ignored. MacCormick to some extent gets round this by introducing the idea that here asking a promisee shows lack of respect to the promisee, so that the rather special interest we all have in being shown "respect for persons" props up the perhaps rather unspecial interest we have in, say, getting the cup of tea we were promised. This, of course, raises the much larger question of whether there is a coherent moral theory to be constructed out of the Kantian apparatus of "respect for persons" combined with the utilitarian apparatus of "interests".

Still, scepticism about the viability of that project ought not to stand in the way of our agreeing that such a moral theory would provide a plausible basis for a social democratic jurisprudence – John Stuart Mill's insistence that *On Liberty* and the socialism of some parts of his *Principles of Political Economy* were all of a piece suggests that Professor MacCormick has been working in one of the best traditions of Scots social thought. Nor ought it to stand in the way of our recognizing the very many virtues of these essays, among which clarity, liveliness, generosity and independent-mindedness are merely the first four to come to mind.

The manufacturing side

John Hume

ANDREW GIBB
Glasgow: The Making of a City
197pp. Croom Helm. £12.95.
0 7099 0161 5

Andrew Gibb's new historical geography of Glasgow is a highly condensed, but readable, summary of the city's history since prehistoric times. It highlights the problem of drawing dividing lines between historical geography and social and economic history, as much of the substance of the book is fairly straightforward local history and is based on conventional historical sources. The first two chapters are well done. The geographical and geological setting of the city is succinctly and clearly analysed, and the evidence for the early settlement of the area clearly set out. Medieval Glasgow, emerging as an organized community with both a mercantile and an ecclesiastical base, is sketched in a lively and informative manner, with the geographical features carefully analyzed both textually and cartographically, though marred slightly by seventeenth-century allusions and illustrations.

Until the end of the sixteenth century, Glasgow does not appear to have been markedly different from other small ecclesiastical settlements. The Reformation, with the end of Church influence on land ownership, seems to have stimulated Glasgow's merchants to develop trade with Ireland and later with the Continent. In the Cromwellian period Glasgow, together with Berwick, was Scotland's second port, as measured by Customs and Excise returns, though both were a long way behind Leith. The most interesting part of this section is the discussion of the changes of street layout and style of building.

After the Union of the Parliaments in 1707, the historical sources for Glasgow's history improve. Relying heavily on Gibb's *History of Glasgow* (1777), Gibb analyzes the trade of the city in the early 1700s. He chronicles the rise of the tobacco trade and the industrial expansion of the city, though curiously, he ignores McJure's pioneering account of 1736. The

analysis of the physical development of Glasgow to 1776 and the cartographic presentation of its westward expansion from the 1750s are good. After the American War of Independence there is an embarrassingly large amount of source material, which the author uses in an eclectic and illustrative way. A rather lengthy account of river, railway and canal-building, and their impact on the city, contrasts with the complete omission of road improvement. The account of industrial expansion is disappointing. Cotton-mill-building is dismissed without any serious discussion, and a careful analysis of directory evidence leads the author to conclude that "over 270 concerns (218 textile) had invaded streets opened as select residential enclaves only a few decades before". This is true but, on the whole, they were seeking office and limited warehouse accommodation, rather than manufacturing premises. The rapid expansion of the built-up area of the city is competently surveyed, though one might quibble at the description of some developments in the west as "unplanned". The vital importance of water supply to the extension of the built-up area of the city is only hinted at. Housing development, however, failed to keep pace with population expansion, and Gibb rightly concludes his chapter with a description of the environmental problems created, and the ravages caused by unchecked epidemics.

"Iron in the Soul – 1841-1914" is a curious title for a chapter on Victorian and Edwardian Glasgow. Certainly the city was much affected by the enormous expansion of the Lanarkshire iron-smelting industry between 1830 and 1870, by the rise of iron-shipbuilding on the banks of the Clyde below the city, and by the rapid diversification of iron-based manufacture. The major characteristic of the city during this period was, however, its emergence as a genuinely broadly based manufacturing, commercial and social organism, providing a wide range of support services for the surrounding industrial towns and villages. It became one of the greatest of the Victorian cities without drawing in the satellite towns, and its commercial and civic institutions were enormously influential. Instead of analysing these phenomena, Gibb relies on Sydney

Checkland's idiosyncratic and polemical analysis in *The Uppas Tree* to criticize the city for something it did not do – at least until after 1905 when it absorbed the major industrial burghs down-river – which was to rely overmuch on heavy industry. The distinction between the city and its independent suburbs is not clearly made, though here Gibb follows earlier analysis of Glasgow's nineteenth-century history. Curiously in a work on historical geography there is no map showing the boundaries of the areas involved. The important systematic development of both middle-class suburbs and of working-class areas is glossed over, as is the vital part played by railways and tramways in changing settlement patterns. Most substantial and indeed the best section of this chapter is that on public health, but this relies heavily on a handful of excellent secondary sources.

The First World War, which, it has recently been argued, had a traumatic effect on the economy of the West of Scotland, is not touched on. Most of the final chapter, apart from references to inter-war housing and industry, is devoted to post-war housing and movements in population. There are good summary maps illustrating the major geographical changes in housing, in the rehabilitation of the business district, and an analysis of change which, owing to the sources used and presumably reasons of space, is aggregative rather than analytic. The conclusion emphasizes, perhaps rightly, the major preoccupation of the volume, housing and housing conditions.

Gibb has done a notable service to Glasgow in drawing together, for the first time since the Third Statistical Account of the city was published in 1938, the threads of a great mass of published work. He has dipped, often tentatively, into the vast body of manuscript materials which the Moss and many others have saved and catalogued. He has used some new light on old problems, and his study of the early period of the city's history is excellent, as are his maps and illustrations. What he has not done, however, is to carry through his programme of geographical analysis rigorously into the later chapters, and to see the city as a community.

In the beginning

Leslie Alcock

STUART PIGGOTT
Scotland Before History
With a Gazetteer of Ancient Monuments by Graham Ritchie
195pp. Edinburgh University Press.
£11.50 (paperback £5.75).
0 85224 348 0

In 1958, twelve years after his election to the Abernethy Chair of Prehistoric Archaeology at Edinburgh, Stuart Piggott distilled his knowledge and interpretation of Scottish prehistory into an essay of about 100 pages. This was at once vivid, lucid and humane; and it was further embellished by drawings by Keith Henderson that were both charming and lively. After an immediate reprinting, the book was unfortunately allowed to disappear, and in recent years it has become a collector's piece.

Edinburgh University Press has now had the happy idea of reprinting the essay, rejuvenated where necessary by Professor Piggott with the collaboration of Graham Ritchie, the most eminent of the middle generation of Scottish prehistorians. In welcoming their new edition, one looks at once to two points: how much that was good in the original has been preserved; and how much that needed it has been revised.

The greatest value of the 1958 version apart from the taken-for-granted virtue that it was academically impeccable – was that its subject-matter was not pots and pans, storks and stones, but people. With brilliant concision, Piggott displayed the changing landscapes of hills and lowland, sea and river, which human beings had moved into and through, and which they had exploited for a living over a span of thousands of years. We saw them, in their various ways at different periods; earning a living by fishing or farming; burying their dead, often in spectacular tombs; making tools, weapons and ornaments of flint or bronze or iron; defending themselves in forts or tower-like brochs. All this flow of life is no less vigorous in the new edition. But there has been one sad loss. Henderson's

illustrations had been designed as complementary to the text, and they provided for the eye that same liveliness as Piggott's writings had furnished for the mind. Also, they have been replaced by photographs of sites, which are inevitably static and lifeless.

On the second point, that of revision, this had become most necessary on matters of chronology. The original essay was written before the crucial importance of radiocarbon estimates for British prehistory had become widely understood. Piggott's phrase "archaeological time" is replaced by "calibrated time" for certain estimates for the Neolithic. In part this was because he was the major proponent of excessively short chronologies for the British Neolithic as well as for the Scottish Iron Age. Radiocarbon dates were needed here and they have been made wholeheartedly. There is a concise statement of the significance of carbon-dating; the introduction of Neolithic farming practices to Britain now goes back before 4,000 BC; and the Scottish Iron Age begins in the seventh, not the first, century BC.

Finally, the major innovation of the present edition: Dr Ritchie's illustrated gazetteer of 253 outstanding prehistoric sites, which comprises half the book. Since Scotland possesses, at a guess, 50 per cent of the most spectacular and best-preserved prehistoric sites in Britain as a whole, the task of selecting a suitable list must have been difficult in the extreme. It says much for Ritchie's wide-ranging knowledge and catholic taste that his choice can be so well justified. Since the gazetteer includes a note on the National Grid Reference map and the National Grid Reference map, it constitutes an invaluable guide for both the dedicated amateur of archaeology and the more casual tourist.

Derek Cooper's *Skye*, which was first published in 1970, has recently been reissued in paperback by Routledge and Kegan Paul (242pp. £5.95, 0 7100 9365 1). The book is a valuable history and topography of the island and it provides a reading list and an anthology as well as a gazetteer of photographs and maps.

Good for some

Philip Pettit

CANTHOPHER LLOYD (Editor)
Social Theory and Political Practice
Woburn College Lectures 1981
100pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
£10.50 (paperback, £4.95).
0 19 82447 5

The centrepiece of this collection of lectures is Amartya Sen's elegant paper on the objectivity of social science. Sen begins with a point that will also be natural science: that truth is not enough, in a scientific account of things; to guard against the account making sense of a general design to make sense of a general design, we need to know the rise of a new industrial working class. In Weber's and Durkheim's certain threats to their respective nation-states. But we need prescription, not description, and the question remains: what use-interest ought social theorizing to serve?

In different ways, and despite other differences in their views, Charles Taylor and John Dunn argue for the same response. They urge, in the same hermeneutic manner familiar from Habermas and his forerunners, that social theory is destined for consumption by people who are already social agents and, in an amateur way, social thinkers. Social theory, they say, ought to be designed to take this into account. Its use-interest is its interest for an audience engaged in the continuing process of more or less reflectively reproducing and reshaping inherited collective practices. As natural science produces theories which help us to achieve predictive control over nature, so social science ought to produce theories which will help us to achieve political fulfilment.

It is reasonably clear that this conception of the use-interest of social theory rules out as irrelevant any theories whose endorsement would leave people in the role of catatonic observers of the historical process; certain "macro-functional" analyses, for example. Dunn stresses that the full social theory will not treat the adequacy of people's underlying values. But themselves as intellectual agents. But can we be more positive in saying what the conception permits? Can we specify, not just marks of theoretical poverty, but a criterion of what a good theory would be?

Both Taylor and Dunn offer pious words on the matter. Taylor, "good theory enables practice to become less

stumbling and more clairvoyant". Dunn, "to implement such a vision in practice (supposing it to be accurate) would be above all to discover how in practice we could trust one another to co-operate". One is reminded of Monsignor Ronald Knox's desire for a proof of God's existence which would bring those who understood it to their knees.

I find the formulations pious, because they each suggest that there is a determinate and uncontested criterion of theory-choice on offer. But this is not so, as the writers in question would acknowledge. There will be as many views of when clairvoyant practice or rational co-operation is in prospect as there are political philosophies. The real upshot of the line of thought conducted by Taylor and Dunn is that any social theorist who has something interesting to say will be at bottom a political visionary – a worrying conclusion, to say the least.

David Marguand's essay on the collapse of ideological consensus in British politics underscores the worry. Under circumstances where political philosophies clash, there is no common ground to be found or fought for in social theory. Yet it is as well to have that fact out in the open. If we are aware of it, we are less likely to be misled by attempts to dress up political preferences as merely technical departures; for example, attempts to self-political minimalism in the guise of monetarist economics.

This is a welcome publication. The contributions vary in style and in the difficulty of access but the volume has a surprising coherence. The pieces by Taylor, Sen and Dunn will be particularly important in future debates about the nature of social science. I have not mentioned two of the lectures, one by Ralf Dahrendorf and the other by Włodzimierz Brus. The first is a reflection on the difficulty of marrying social theory and governmental practice; the second a discussion of the utility of the Marxist perspective in analysing communist regimes. The collection also contains a helpful introduction by the editor.

TLS subscriptions

NEW SUBSCRIPTION RATES

The following postal zones are listed for your convenience. If your country is not included, please contact your local postal authority to ascertain your correct zone as specified by the British Post Office. United Kingdom only by surface mail.
6 months (26 issues) £12.50 – 12 months (52 issues) £25.00.
British Postal Zone 'A' including Algeria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and United Arab Emirates.
6 months (26 issues) £23.40 – 12 months (52 issues) £46.80.
British Postal Zone 'B' including Argentina, Bermuda, Brazil, Hong Kong, India, Jamaica, Kenya, Malaysia, Mexico, Nigeria, Pakistan, Singapore, South Africa, Trinidad and Tobago, Zambia, Zimbabwe.
6 months (26 issues) £26.52 – 12 months (52 issues) £53.04.
British Postal Zone 'C' including Australia, China, Japan, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, Philippines, Taiwan.
6 months (26 issues) £29.12 – 12 months (52 issues) £58.24.
Europe including Cyprus, Gibraltar, Malta.
6 months (26 issues) £20.80 – 12 months (52 issues) £41.60.
USA and Canada
6 months (26 issues) US\$35.00 – 12 months (52 issues) US\$70.00.

Please send me *The Times Literary Supplement*

☐ 6 months ☐ 12 months

PLEASE PRINT

NAME

ADDRESS

I enclose my cheque for made payable to Times Newspapers Ltd

Signature

Date

Return this coupon to Times Newspapers Ltd, Supplements Subscription Manager, Oakfield House, 35 Perryman Road, Haywards Heath, West Sussex RH16 5DH

APRIL 1983

The roaring borstal boy

Patricia Craig

E. H. Mikhail (Editor)

Brendan Behan: Interviews and Recollections.
Volume 1 - 168pp. 0 333 31565 0
Volume 2 - 196pp. 0 333 31566 9
Macmillan. £15 each.

BRENDAN BEHAN

After the Wake
Edited by Peter Fallon
156pp. Alison and Busby. £5.95.
0 85031 496 8

During his lifetime, Brendan Behan's exploits tended to obscure his achievements; since his death, there have been many attempts to redress the balance, to find a place for him in the field of Irish letters on the strength of an interesting autobiography and two exuberant plays. How far is the effort justified? It is well known that drink and gregariousness eroded Brendan Behan's capacity for concentration; his literary output dwindled after *The Hostage*, and then stopped altogether. Promises and obligations were not fulfilled. Behan's mistake, you might say, was to cast himself in a part that took him over: that of the unruly Irishman. His sense of performance was always stronger than his ambition to write effectively.

Behan easily converted the incidents of his past into a series of pungent stories. Here you see him at six weeks, outside Kilmalham Gaol, held up in his mother's arms for the benefit of his father whose cell window overlooks the spot. Ireland is in the throes of a civil war, and Stephen Behan is serving a sentence for political activities. Next you have the hardy eight-year-old supping porter with his grandmother in a Dublin stall. At sixteen he is sent to borstal in Suffolk after being caught in Liverpool with a parcel of bombing equipment. The *Irish Times* of February 9, 1940, contained a report of Brendan Behan's trial: "he made a statement to the effect that he was a member of an organization, and that he would blow up places if he got the chance". This, in fact, if it is reported accurately, amounts to nothing more than a piece of bragadoocio; the IRA of that time considered Behan something of a security risk, and packed him off to England as a way of keeping him out of mischief at home.

As far as Brendan Behan was concerned, Irish Republicanism and socialism went hand in hand; he called himself a proletarian. The author claimed to get on best with "ordinary blokes", taxi-drivers, house-painters, bookies' runners, and so on. Flourescent, of course, was the trade followed by his father, and by himself before literature and self-dramatization gave him a way out of it. At one point - according to another celebrated anecdote - Behan was employed on a decorating job outside the *Irish Times* building, and on a public job inside it. If his copy was late, the editor would throw open a window and roar at the workman standing on the scaffolding. "Behan, come up here and write your story. We're close on to deadline."

This tale, as related by Walter Hackett, appeared in the *Washington Post* in March 1964, two days after Brendan Behan's death; Hackett's piece is reprinted, along with many others, in E. H. Mikhail's two-volume collection of Behan material. Newspaper reports, extracts from memoirs, transcripts of interviews and snippets of Behan's own prose have been assiduously assembled; you are left with a feeling that the views of everyone who knew the author, however slightly, were solicited at one time or another by every newspaper editor in the business. The resulting comments are not always marked by shrewdness or perceptiveness. Going back to Behan's borstal days, you have the impressions of C. A. Joyce, Governor of that institution, diligently recorded for the *Sunday Press*: "Brendan was a good boy at heart and he loved his religion".

This wasn't an isolated opinion, ingenious though it seems. Shortly after his release from borstal in November 1941, Behan began a

fourteen-year sentence after being convicted of attempted murder by the Special Court in Dublin. (He spent four years in Mountjoy Gaol before being freed in a general amnesty for political offenders.) Like C. A. Joyce, Behan's new prison Governor was struck by the mildness of the would-be assassin's manners: "Basically," he assures us, the young Republican "was a very gentle person who in his senses would not hurt a fly". In Mountjoy Prison Behan brushed up his Irish and placed an article, "I Become a Borstal Boy", with Sean O'Faolain's periodical *The Bell*. All this time, he was gathering the ingredients of his plays and stories, as well as acquiring a background wholly in keeping with his instinct for theatricality. Talent is especially intriguing when its occurrence is unexpected; and Behan made the most of his unique standing as an ex-convict and ex-labourer with a literary bent.

He did this, at least in part, by poking fun at it; fortunately the most pronounced of his gifts was for amiable mockery, with himself and his pretensions included among its targets. Of the miscellaneous items contained in the Mikhail volumes, the most entertaining is one of the three pieces contributed by Behan himself (the other two are newspaper paragraphs of very little consequence). "The Woman on the Corner of the Next Block to Us" was written for *Vogue* (American edition) in 1956; here Behan, in merry mood, puts himself in the company of those Irish workers who write about their trade as an alternative to practising it, keeping *The Bell* well supplied with exercises in a picturesque mode.

Largeness of appetite was an asset at first, then a burden. John Ryan (in "The Home and Colonial Boy") tells us how Behan, on one occasion, suddenly crammed into his own mouth the steak supper he'd prepared for some cats belonging to friends: "God forgive me... he gasped. Such helpless voracity has a comic effect, of course, generating indignance for the person in his grip. Incurable showmanship, another of Behan's traits - helps to rivet the attention of the public too. There are enough witnesses to his spectacular liveliness, wit and charm - all qualities which flourished in the pubs of Dublin before succumbing to the destructive forces. Indulgent camaraderie, waywardness, anarchy and buffoonery were always temptations for a character so extravagantly constituted. Behan was drawn to extremes of behaviour, and after the success of *The Quare Fellow*, had the means to gratify his insatiable desires.

Before fame overtook him, Behan looked to his friends for the daily provision of such necessities as writing paper, food, drink, encouragement, "handkings" of cigarettes, and so on; later friends supported him in different ways, discouraging him from excessive drinking and when that failed, extracting him from the pub-crawls and pub-haunts he was apt to get into. Those concerned for his well-being were often led on a dismal trek from bar to bar as the wanton playwright became skilled at evasion. All have duly recorded their efforts on his behalf, however unproductive these turned out to be. In the appalling last years of his life, between the full-blown bouts of sobriety and the hospital interludes, Behan carried on like some kind of fragment of temperance propaganda, smashing everything around him, inviting assault charges, abusing his companions and often quite literally winding up in the gutter. His escapades by now have lost their savour and turned discreditable. Truly, Behan's wife Beatrice had a lot to put up with. By all accounts, she remained unimpeachably loyal and suffered stoically, when suffering was unavoidable; she is foremost among those who stood by Behan when his disorderly habits had run out of control.

Beatrice Behan's autobiography, *My Life with Brendan* (1974) - one of Professor Mikhail's sources of material - was conceived as an antidote to "the writings of persons who had designated him during his lifetime" and who had subsequently attempted "to smear his reputation". Among these she probably included Ulick O'Connor,

who, in his biography (*Brendan Behan*, 1970) adverted to the topic of her husband's supposed homosexuality - an aspect of his character she seems inclined to repudiate. In fact, as far as this matter is concerned we have no reason either to dare O'Connor's allegations, or to disagree with the view expressed by Anthony Cronin, that Behan's homosexuality was largely a pose. Cronin's account of his friendship with Brendan Behan, and their eventual estrangement (extracted from *Dead as Doornails*, his study of three prominent Dublin figures, Behan, Patrick Kavanaugh and Flann O'Brien) is among the most valuable and illuminating memoirs we have: it neither inflates his subject nor claims a special acquaintanceship with the "real", unembellished Behan. The majority of Mikhail's contributors take up one or other of these positions.

The Quare Fellow was staged at the Pike Theatre, Dublin, in 1954, and then at Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop, Stratford, in 1956 - the year of Behan's famous drunken appearance on television, with Malcolm Muggeridge in the interviewer's chair, "like all drunks", Muggeridge recalled some time later, "he was a fearful hore". (He holed Kenneth Allsop too, according to Max Caulfield, though Allsop's obituary notice, true to the requirements of the form, is kinder in tone.) *Borstal Boy*, Brendan Behan's most substantial work, came out in 1958; and the first English-language production of *The Hostage* followed a year later. In its subject-matter, Behan's second play bears a very close resemblance to one of Frank O'Connor's stories ("Guests of the Nation"), as a number of reviewers pointed out at the time - perhaps prompting Behan's remark on the subject of drama critics who, he said, "are like eunuchs in a harem: they see the tricks done every night, they know how it's done, but they can't do it themselves". O'Connor himself mentions this piece of plagiarism, without remark, in the obituary he wrote for the *Sunday Independent*, adding that the playwright, on his home ground, made no bones about acknowledging the source of his inspiration: "Ah, sure, of course I stole the fucking thing."

After *The Wake* includes another version of this particular story, "The Execution", as well as a selection of Behan's *Irish Press* articles (published in that paper between 1954 and 1956) and other rediscovered pieces of prose. In spite of the intermittent vividness and frankness of the writing, the effect of this collection is to remind us that the ways of discipline and industry were as alien to Brendan Behan as the practice of thrift. His striking delinquencies gained him an audience - and he was lucky enough, before the final deterioration set in, to succeed in making a way of life out of his habit of making an impression.

The late J. G. Farrell's novel *Troubles*, out of print in paperback edition for some years, will be reissued next week by Jonathan Cape (446pp. £8.95, 0 224 619004). The *TLS* of January 22, 1972 commented on the novel's first publication: "Mr J. G. Farrell was born in 1935 - fifteen years after the time-setting of his book. Yet the sense of years of his life, between the full-blown bouts of sobriety and the hospital interludes, Behan carried on like some kind of fragment of temperance propaganda, smashing everything around him, inviting assault charges, abusing his companions and often quite literally winding up in the gutter. His escapades by now have lost their savour and turned discreditable. Truly, Behan's wife Beatrice had a lot to put up with. By all accounts, she remained unimpeachably loyal and suffered stoically, when suffering was unavoidable; she is foremost among those who stood by Behan when his disorderly habits had run out of control."

Tom Paul

S/He

There's burst ground
and a cindertrack
all along the ridge
between the shops
and the railway bridge,
like it's occupied territory
with no ooa around
this cold snap.

Here's a wet though
smells like a used sheath,
and here's frogspawn
under a scraggy hawthorn.
They're having a gag
chucklog weebits and yuk
and laughing at the blups -
kids turned flares
oo a tip,
littie hard men to hollar suits
locked to a wargama.

Yesterday I stared
at this girl with cropped hair -
a grandpa shirt on her
and lovehates on her neck,
little plinky bruises
like a rope had snagged there.

Ah shite, the bitter joy
as the plugged head gets borni -
a March wind
hits the main street
of a village called Convoys
and I'm starved
by the first screech that's torn
from out the guts of the blind post.

Something in the air,
too-quiet-atogather
on the back road that slips
down into Derry.
Where that opus pastura
slopes from a close wood
to a file of chestnuts
there's a counterfactual seose
that unsettles me just now.
It might be the landlord's absence
from a version of pastoral,
or the hidden scanner
that has to be somewhere.

Over the ramp
the light that bangs back
from the fieldgrey screens
has a preserved feel to it,
like radio silence
or the site of an accident.

I wind down the window,
pass proof of myself
and match
the copper stubble on his chin
with the light green
of his shirt -
may God forgive me
this perched gift of sight.

This herocess is to loiter
by a quay in Derry
and gaze at the spread river,
the pigeons and the pigsoo-cowling
on a stained flour mill,
until a voice whips
in the balmy sigh of a lovar,
'who's to the wrong country
like the maiden city?'

"Would you give us a lift, love?
It's that late n'cary...'
I was only half there
like a girl after a dance,
wary, on the road to Muff.
We might've been out after curfew
in the buzzy *deus-cha-pais*,
slipping past the chestnuts
on a street in provincial France.
It stuck close to me, though,
how all through the last half
a helicopter held itself
above the Guildhall -
Varshina's lines were slowed
by the blind chopping blades,
though Olga looked chuffed
who she sighed, 'Woot! It be odd
with no soldiers on the streets?'

in his *Sixteen Self-Sketches*,
Shaw offers his readers an
apology. It's a Shavian apology.
People, he writes, kept asking him why
he didn't publish his own biography. "I
couldn't," he wrote, "that I am not at all
convinced biographically. I have never
convinced anybody. Nothing very unusual
has happened to me." To justify a
biography, he went on, the subject
must have had adventures.
Extraordinary things ought to happen to
him. "I have had no heroic adventures,"
Shaw wrote. "Ninety-nine point five per
cent of his life, he believed, was the
same as ninety-nine point five per cent
of everyone else's; the same familiar
process of growing, feeding, excreting,
breeding and undressing, lodging and
working. To inflict such a stale
programme on the reader would be
unbearably tedious. Of course there
was that point-five per cent that was
uniquely Shavian. But Shaw himself
had panned these freckles of gold into
his work: 'my goods are all in the
bookshop window and on the stage',
he declared. "What is communicable
between already communicated..."

Taking Shaw's opinion literally, you
would be led to the conclusion that only men
of action - admirals, boyscout leaders,
vice-commodores and the like - merit
biography. As with the *Boy's Own*
Journal, biography is adventure-story
or it is nothing. It bulges with the
feelings of quacks as if they were
loves and saints. Shaw complained, in
his Preface to *Back to Methuselah*,
"of barren soundscapes as explorers
and discoverers". And of course Shaw
was historically correct. In the Preface
to *Androcles and the Lion*, for
instance, he treats the gospels as
examples of early biography. He notes
how St Matthew tends "like most
biographers", he says, to "identify the
episodes and prejudices of his hero
with his own". But Shaw also analyses
St John's formula for treating
biography as a record of the "fulfilment
of ancient Jewish prophecies". In other
words, biography was deeply
prejudiced and had its place primarily
as a pointillist dot in the divinely pre-
ordained picture-pattern of history.
Rearrange the dots and you have
altered history. And that, in a sense,
was Shaw's game.

For centuries, with a few
modifications reflecting changes in
taste and fashion, biography had been
employed to promote much the same
purpose. Beginning as praise, it had
developed during medieval European
times into a laudatory chronicle,
celebrating a successful life: the life of a
king or saint. This was part of the
process of idealization that Shaw
described so brilliantly in *The*
Quare Fellow. If only, he
implies, the addition of biography
could have found some different
subjects to enshrine: the common
man, perhaps. His modest
dilemma - "I have never killed
anybody" - is made in a spirit of
naivety as well as of paradox. For in
Victorian times, having recovered
from the shock of Boswell and
Johnson, and Froude having been
condemned for his *Carlyle*, biography had
slipped back into a lavish white-
washing exercise. In this assiduous
effort of spring-cleaning, the stains of
history were continually being
brushed away. That is why Shaw
urged the readers, suddenly to
look at a dead body on the carpet, after
all, what else are biographers than a
conglomeration of housekeepers
in the art of tidying away all
spots of human nature? The house
they kept so smartly spick and span was
a museum dedicated to the past, not
a place. It was a Madame
Tussaud waxwork figures of monarchs
and statesmen, their medals and
sashes ever wonderfully polished
and glittering. Shaw wanted to
shatter this palace of standard
biography, but in order to make
biography a useful tool in changing the
past. Like St John he has a formula:
"My goods are all in the bookshop
window and on the stage", he wrote.
St Matthew, he says, has a formula:
"My goods are all in the bookshop
window and on the stage".

As a man of letters who craved to
influence the political climate of
Britain, Ireland and the world, Shaw
believed in the power of words to
enforce action: that, perhaps, was his
romanticism. He proposed that
biographers should exchange one
package of myths for another - an up-
to-date package that would set human
beings in a new context. No longer
should biography be controlled by
prophecies from the past; it must be
connected to our future aspirations. It
is part of a humane process of helping
us to realize our hopes. If the word is
preferable to the deed it is because, as
Shaw wrote, "only on paper has
humanity yet achieved glory, beauty,
truth, knowledge, virtue, and sliding
love". But then, as Oscar Wilde had
suggested, life imitates art, reality
pursues the dream. That, in Shaw's
mind, was the justification for a life
spent writing down words on paper.

Shaw had pleaded guilty to having
"never killed anybody", but many
Victorian heroes of biographies had of
course, directly or indirectly, killed a
good number of people. The body
Shaw demands to be placed on the
carpet, though a shockingly untidy
sight for a fastidious person such as
himself, sheds no light. However
untraditionally introduced, it is still a
work of art. For Shaw was that strange
creature: the passive revolutionary.
His thought is bold; his feelings are
timid. Intellectually he travelled
everywhere; emotionally he stayed at
home. His audacious paper paradoxes
are built from this inconsistency of
thought and feeling. You may spot his
emotional immaturity in much of his
work. *Androcles and the Lion*, for example,
is precociously clever; but it is a war of
chocolate soldiers as seen from the
nursery. His vocabulary is another
symptom. He writes of biography as
being devoted to "sacredness" - and
with that word we are immediately
back again in *Boy's Own Annual*. It is
a world he never wholly left, and it
is St John's formula for treating
biography as a record of the "fulfilment
of ancient Jewish prophecies". In other
words, biography was deeply
prejudiced and had its place primarily
as a pointillist dot in the divinely pre-
ordained picture-pattern of history.
Rearrange the dots and you have
altered history. And that, in a sense,
was Shaw's game.

Shaw and biography

Michael Holroyd

But the will. And we have no will
because the first thing done with us in
childhood was to break our will."

Shaw's will had not been broken; but
his emotions had been leashed. He felt
he was unlovable: he felt that, since
this was the unalterable factor in his
life, the only thing he could do was to
make a virtue of his unlovableness, put
it to some use for people. He would sit
endlessly on committees, make of
himself an ascetic and a hygienic
example in matters of diet and
clothing, puncture the amiable
pretence of romanticism with his plays,
turn the world uncomfortably upside
down for the good of its inhabitants. In
short, he would encourage people to
become self-sufficient rather than
depend for their vital happiness on the
off-chance of love. He would make a
world fit for the unlovable. He would
give them (via the State) money; he
would give them self-respect; he would
give them everything but love. And it
was true that he was unlovable; but
then, looking around, so were most
people. Only by means of paradox, for
a moment or two, here and there, in
their jokes perhaps, might they appear
to earn love. But it was reality, not

Shaw distrusted biographers; and his
distrust is not difficult to explain. He
believed that the source of all our ideas
lay in our instinct; but we used our
minds to explain the promptings of this
instinct and to convince other people of
the validity of our ideas. Ideas that
were not put into practice lay for ever
in the womb. It was a test of our will
to get these ideas received into the laws of
the country. In the dialectics of
debating, virtually no one, not even
G. K. Chesterton, certainly not H. G.
Wells, could get the better of Shaw. He
was brilliant. And he worked
immensely hard. No one who has
looked at his work for the Fabian
Society, or as a St Pancras Vestryman,
can doubt the strength and stamina of
his will. Yet although he stimulated
several generations of young people to
question the ideas of their parents and
to begin thinking for themselves,
almost none of his political ideas, from
the new alphabet to equality of income
(pay, that is, without differentials) and
the Coupled Vote (voting, that is, for a
man-and-woman) came near to being
implemented. Shaw's ideas depended on
a sacrifice of the actual present for the
hypothesized future. If there were
brutalities - brutalities, let us say, in
Soviet Russia - who were we to point
to them in virtuous indignation, who
had so recently gloated over
Gladstone's flogging at Eton? When
had history been anything but brutal?
When had human beings ever treated
themselves with consideration? Truly
we were an unlovable species. It might
be better if, like the pterodactyl and
tyrannosaurus, we were quietly phased
out of the evolutionary process. After
the Zepplins' raid, at the end of
Heartbreak House, the survivors are
almost disappointed to be still alive.

"What a glorious experience!" gasps
Mrs Hushabye. "I hope they'll come
again tomorrow night." And Nellie
Durrin breathes, radiant at the
prospect: "Oh, I hope so." And that's
the end of the play.

Human beings were unwilling,
perhaps incapable of learning much -
though, of course, Shaw added, we
must keep on trying. "I am by nature
and destiny a preacher," says Aubrey
at the end of *Too True to Be Good*.
"But I have no Bible, no creed: the war
has shot both out of my hands...
meanwhile my gift has possession of
me: I must preach and preach and
preach no matter how late the hour and
how short the day, no matter what
have nothing to say." Though he
retained a portion of optimism, Shaw's
creed had gone in *Back to Methuselah*
where he finally divorces spirit from
body, like Ariel released from
Prospero, the genius from the
gentleman. The Superman had now
become a Prometheus, bound to a rock
of inactivity by the fetters of
bureaucracy: a frustrated believer in
action whose Demogorgon is to be
some modern dictator - Stalin or
Mussolini or even Hitler. It is the
predicament that Devil's warned us
against in *Man and Superman*:
"Behaving of the pursuit of the

To show that his ideas had grown
naturally from the social and political
soil of mid-nineteenth century Britain,
Shaw gives us a picture of his parents
made under the economic conditions
that is typical, perhaps, of the middle
class of those times. His mother and father
married for love - for love of money.
This sounds eccentric, but then how
few people, Shaw reasons, living in the
strict religious and class stratification
of Victorian Ireland were free to do
anything else. So his parents married
conventionally and then after twenty-
one years - a very reasonable time -
they parted amicably because they
could not afford, after launching a
family of three, to continue living
together. They had like so many
others, miscalculated financially. They
were never divorced. People didn't go
in for divorces in those days. Besides
there was no need, no particular
quarrel, no lovers' parting. Such things
were mainly confined to the pages of
romantic novels. Shaw's father drank a
bit - so do many fathers. But on the
whole his parents got on well enough.
You could say of them - as you could
say of him - that they were like ninety-
nine-point-five per cent of everyone
else's lives at that time. It was the time

of everyone else's. It was the time
foundations were different. His
childhood was unusual; his marriage
was unusual; what he wore, what he
ate, even what he failed to drink - all
were unusual. He was an isolated man,
out of touch with Ireland, with
England, and the world he wished to
influence. In a curiously moving
passage in the Preface to his novel
Immaturity, he writes:
If I am to be entirely communicative
on this subject I must add that the
mere rawness which soon rubs off
was complicated by a deeper
strangeness which has made me for
my life a sojourner on this planet
rather than a native of it. Whether it
be that I was born mad or a little too
sane, my kingdom was not of this
world: I was at home only in the
realm of my imagination, and at my
ease only with the mighty dead.

And yet he told his biographer
Archibald Henderson that "unless you
can show me in the context of my time
as a member of a very interesting
crowd you will fail to produce the only
thing that makes biography tolerable".
What he wanted from his biographers
was a vehicle for his thought that would
place it in the current of contemporary
life and make him a representative
being, "a member of a very interesting
crowd", no longer a strange sojourner
on this planet but a native at ease with
the living rather than the dead. He
wanted his life recreated on the page
with the facts brought up to date.

Shaw distrusted biographers; and his
distrust is not difficult to explain. He
believed that the source of all our ideas
lay in our instinct; but we used our
minds to explain the promptings of this
instinct and to convince other people of
the validity of our ideas. Ideas that
were not put into practice lay for ever
in the womb. It was a test of our will
to get these ideas received into the laws of
the country. In the dialectics of
debating, virtually no one, not even
G. K. Chesterton, certainly not H. G.
Wells, could get the better of Shaw. He
was brilliant. And he worked
immensely hard. No one who has
looked at his work for the Fabian
Society, or as a St Pancras Vestryman,
can doubt the strength and stamina of
his will. Yet although he stimulated
several generations of young people to
question the ideas of their parents and
to begin thinking for themselves,
almost none of his political ideas, from
the new alphabet to equality of income
(pay, that is, without differentials) and
the Coupled Vote (voting, that is, for a
man-and-woman) came near to being
implemented. Shaw's ideas depended on
a sacrifice of the actual present for the
hypothesized future. If there were
brutalities - brutalities, let us say, in
Soviet Russia - who were we to point
to them in virtuous indignation, who
had so recently gloated over
Gladstone's flogging at Eton? When
had history been anything but brutal?
When had human beings ever treated
themselves with consideration? Truly
we were an unlovable species. It might
be better if, like the pterodactyl and
tyrannosaurus, we were quietly phased
out of the evolutionary process. After
the Zepplins' raid, at the end of
Heartbreak House, the survivors are
almost disappointed to be still alive.

"What a glorious experience!" gasps
Mrs Hushabye. "I hope they'll come
again tomorrow night." And Nellie
Durrin breathes, radiant at the
prospect: "Oh, I hope so." And that's
the end of the play.

Human beings were unwilling,
perhaps incapable of learning much -
though, of course, Shaw added, we
must keep on trying. "I am by nature
and destiny a preacher," says Aubrey
at the end of *Too True to Be Good*.
"But I have no Bible, no creed: the war
has shot both out of my hands...
meanwhile my gift has possession of
me: I must preach and preach and
preach no matter how late the hour and
how short the day, no matter what
have nothing to say." Though he
retained a portion of optimism, Shaw's
creed had gone in *Back to Methuselah*
where he finally divorces spirit from
body, like Ariel released from
Prospero, the genius from the
gentleman. The Superman had now
become a Prometheus, bound to a rock
of inactivity by the fetters of
bureaucracy: a frustrated believer in
action whose Demogorgon is to be
some modern dictator - Stalin or
Mussolini or even Hitler. It is the
predicament that Devil's warned us
against in *Man and Superman*:
"Behaving of the pursuit of the

Shaw believed himself to be
concerned with - though one might
have to exploit appearances in order
to change the realities of the
world. He implied that you not
to describe me as a lovable human
being." He begged one of his
American biographers, Lawrence
Langner, who went on to publish a
book called *G.B.S. and the Lunatic*. To
justify acting like this on his instinct of
self-interest, he gave a characteristically
commonsense reason. To do other-
wise, he said - to appear generous, for
example - would bring him a million
begging letters by the next post. So he
instructed Langner to present him as
detestable, avaricious, merciless,
contemptuous and everything odious
enough to discourage people from
writing to him. "Otherwise you may
have written me a million letters. As
a child he had been neglected; as an
adult he possessed an uncontrollable
craving for attention; and long before
the end this craving disgusted him. It
was not a vanity. It was not people's
good opinion he wanted: simply their
attention. "Woe unto me when all men
praise me!" he makes St Joan say.
Against the universal praise of others
Shaw had an impregnable defence: he
exorbitantly praised himself. There
was no room for others. "Why should I
get another man to praise me?" He asks
in the Preface to *Three Plays for*
Puritans, "when I can praise myself".
But his praise did not mirror any high
self-esteem: it was, like so much else in
Shaw, a compensation for something
else. His very optimism was founded
on paradox.

The Shavian paradox reflects the rift
between his intellectual and emotional
selves, and his attitude to biography
underlines this inconsistency. He had
biography idealized a corrupt system
by enshrining such barbarians with
myths biography helped to polish the
corruption. You may see from this
the potential power Shaw believed lay
in biography: He was with Carlyle in
thinking that our very history was "the
essence of innumerable biographies".
In the past, biography had largely
existed as an instrument for
maintaining the status quo. In the
future, it could be a vehicle for
progress. Shaw seemed to have high
hopes of progress. "It would be quite
easy to make England a paradise
in a few years," he wrote in a letter
according to our present ideas, in a few
years," he wrote shortly before the
first World War. "There is no mystery
about it. The difficulty is not the

George Bernard Shaw by Augustus
John.

appearances, Shaw believed himself to
be concerned with - though one might
have to exploit appearances in order
to change the realities of the
world. He implied that you not
to describe me as a lovable human
being." He begged one of his
American biographers, Lawrence
Langner, who went on to publish a
book called *G.B.S. and the Lunatic*. To
justify acting like this on his instinct of
self-interest, he gave a characteristically
commonsense reason. To do other-
wise, he said - to appear generous, for
example - would bring him a million
begging letters by the next post. So he
instructed Langner to present him as
detestable, avaricious, merciless,
contemptuous and everything odious
enough to discourage people from
writing to him. "Otherwise you may
have written me a million letters. As
a child he had been neglected; as an
adult he possessed an uncontrollable
craving for attention; and long before
the end this craving disgusted him. It
was not a vanity. It was not people's
good opinion he wanted: simply their
attention. "Woe unto me when all men
praise me!" he makes St Joan say.
Against the universal praise of others
Shaw had an impregnable defence: he
exorbitantly praised himself. There
was no room for others. "Why should I
get another man to praise me?" He asks
in the Preface to *Three Plays for*
Puritans, "when I can praise myself".
But his praise did not mirror any high
self-esteem: it was, like so much else in
Shaw, a compensation for something
else. His very optimism was founded
on paradox.

The Shavian paradox reflects the rift
between his intellectual and emotional
selves, and his attitude to biography
underlines this inconsistency. He had
biography idealized a corrupt system
by enshrining such barbarians with
myths biography helped to polish the
corruption. You may see from this
the potential power Shaw believed lay
in biography: He was with Carlyle in
thinking that our very history was "the
essence of innumerable biographies".
In the past, biography had largely
existed as an instrument for
maintaining the status quo. In the
future, it could be a vehicle for
progress. Shaw seemed to have high
hopes of progress. "It would be quite
easy to make England a paradise
in a few years," he wrote in a letter
according to our present ideas, in a few
years," he wrote shortly before the
first World War. "There is no mystery
about it. The difficulty is not the

APRIL 1983

Superhuman: it leads to an indiscriminate contempt for the human." In the guise of Don Juan, Shaw's sin was to have treated men and women as if they were outside the moral world, like pet cats and dogs. His kindness, which was persistent, derived from no love of his neighbour but from the striving, by way of example, for moral superiority conferred by impeccable good manners. So ends the story.

It is the sort of story Shaw feared, suggesting as it does that the divorce of body and spirit in *Back to Methuselah* was almost pre-ordained by the splitting up of his parents; that his early years were so irregular as to have produced in him a wayward philosophy. One can detect this fear in his treatment of the two biographers whose books he stopped from publication. The first was by a fanatical character called Demetrius O'Boiger, the son of an Irish Police Inspector, who began his study in 1912 as a thesis for the Graduate Department of the University of Pennsylvania where, apparently, he had been a student for fifteen years. He was an admirer of Shaw and had previously approached him for advice on how to become a playwright. He had convinced Shaw, by his proposal to add an extra Act to *Penny's First Play*, that he was fundamentally a madman. Apparently encouraged by this, Shaw

agreed to answer his questions and O'Boiger, vastly pleased, decided to scrutinize Shaw's youth in Dublin. "In a general way I adopted the policy of following up loose threads in the studies of Mr Shaw that had been made by others," he explained. "I determined to run out the thread of his home surroundings. . . I thought I saw not a few references. . . and I determined to penetrate them and systematize the results if Mr Shaw were willing to give me the necessary information."

And Shaw, like Barbs, was willing. What was there to fear from a madman? O'Boiger would send him a sheet of paper with a question typed at the top, and Shaw would fill the rest of the page with an answer sometimes running to five or six hundred words. His help grew almost into an obstacle preventing O'Boiger from completing anything. In fact, the poor man often completed his book - though never to anyone's satisfaction. He completed it, for example, in February 1916, only to receive, a little later that month, a twenty-nine page typewritten letter from Shaw describing the circumstances of his youth and the household in which he grew up. The death of his mother, Shaw explained, had to some extent untied his hands. Certainly he had never been so forthcoming. But he did not send these pages for publication as they stood, he

added. He was simply giving O'Boiger access to a few hasty autobiographical sketches that he might possibly elaborate and publish himself later on. After another two years or so O'Boiger again completed his work. A few months after the armistice of 1918 he received an offer from Harper Brothers to publish a revised text. He sent the news to Shaw and sat down to make a fourth draft, working "all the nerves of neck and back of my head could no longer stand the strain". Harpers seemed delighted; but Shaw was not. He had not written all that matter to enable Harper Brothers to make a huge profit at O'Boiger's expense and his own. He demanded to see the contract and, having been sent it, confirmed that if the book contained a line of which the copyright belonged to him he would treat it as an infringement. As a result, Harpers cancelled the contract. This was exactly what Shaw wanted. This was brought up. His mother shared the house with two Georges: the alcoholic redundant Civil Servant George Carr Shaw; and the musical phenomenon George John Vandeleur Lee. After which George was G.B.S. named? The question seems to have arisen in Shaw's mind uncomfortably enough for him to have laid special emphasis on his resemblance to his father, to have eliminated George as his own name ("Don't George me") and to have crowded his plays with characters whose parentage is dubious. But if, as seems almost certain, Shaw was the son of George Carr Shaw, then G.B.S., the public figure, was modelled on the phenomenal Vandeleur Lee. His mother's happiness, not just her economic survival, had centred on Lee. Shaw feared too much biographical detective work into these years because it might revive old suspicions and reveal new facts.

He did no research himself, he confessed to St John Ervine, who wanted in the mid 1930s to write a life of Shaw, for he had found that, if he invented all his facts on the basis of his knowledge of human nature, he always came out right, whereas, if he referred to documents and authorities, they worried him and set him wrong. Writers should trust their genius rather than their industry, he thought. It was the less fallible of the two. St John Ervine's reputation for industrious research seems to have set Shaw against his book. Ervine stopped work on it in 1942 when Shaw dismissed what he had written about his Irish years as "hogwash". He seemed interested not in individuals but only in their classes. Shaw told him, yet, elsewhere he had insisted on being placed in what he called "the context of my time", had suggested that his parents' marriage was characteristic of their class and emphasized the ordinariness of his upbringing. Expounding on the matter of class, he informed Ervine that Vandeleur Lee "had no creed. I never heard him mention religion". If this is literally true, it is nevertheless socially and factually misleading. For the documents and authorities Shaw advised Ervine to ignore, reveal Lee to have been a Roman Catholic. This was no matter of religious principle, but a fact of social life in Dublin. The marriage of two Protestants and a Catholic - as noticeable in Ireland to the mid-nineteenth century as a household of mixed-colour in England in the early twentieth century. This was the sort of fact from which Shaw wanted St John Ervine's attention diverted - since Ervine, being Irish himself, would understand the implications very well.

This is a good example of what Shaw wanted to forget and a good illustration of how he wanted his biographers to create a better past for him. But now that he can no longer suffer from the consequences, it is possible to put some of the facts back to their original places. The first person to have begun this job was a strange character called B. C. Rosset. He was an American somewhat to the tradition of Demetrius O'Boiger. He was not a writer; his book, published briefly in 1964 by O'Boiger's university in Pennsylvania and called *Shaw of Dublin: The Formative Years*, is a compendium of research on precisely the lines envisaged by O'Boiger. But since there was no Shaw to assist him in distraction, Rosset did something that O'Boiger nor even St John Ervine had done. He went to Dublin. He did more. He rented a room in the Sygne Street house where Shaw was born; he married the cook in Trinity College, Dublin, and he settled down to work in every cobbled street of the city. And he made the discoveries that O'Boiger was hoping to make over forty years earlier. For example, Shaw had written that Vandeleur Lee "had to make his position in London before he could provide the musical setting for my mother and sister". It was Rosset who found from the list of departures

for Holyhead printed in the *Irish Times* that Mrs Shaw followed Lee to London on her twenty-first wedding anniversary - that is only a few days after Lee's own departure, not six months or even year or two that Shaw implied. But the hand of Shaw appeared to stretch back and show that Rosset's almost as despatch as it had O'Boiger's. Rosset had quoted from Shaw without the permission of the Shaw Estate, and the Shaw Estate swiftly withdrew the book from publication. Not long after that Rosset died. The history of Demetrius O'Boiger seemed to have been posthumously repeated.

Besides marrying his cook, Rosset had made one other inspired choice while living in Dublin. He had selected a man called John O'Donovan as his research assistant. Many of his findings were in fact the discoveries of John O'Donovan who, unlike Rosset, was a natural writer. He wrote a play about Shaw's youth for the Abbey Theatre and a tiny luminous masterpiece of biographical detective work, a study of Vandeleur Lee and his influence on G.B.S., entitled *Shaw and the Christlike Genius*.

How would Shaw himself have responded to such a book? His attitude to biography had altered in the course of his life. As a young anonymous reviewer for the *Poll Magazine* in the 1880s, he had called for the sort of revolution in biographical writing that Lytton Strachey was to conduct. Later, in 1905, he wrote, to Henry Irving's son: "If you write a life of your father, don't make it a vestryman's epitaph. Let us have the truth about the artist, the tremendously selfish, self-sacrificing truth. The artist sacrifices everything to his art, beginning with himself. But the artist is himself." In his statement Shaw's attitude is on the turn. For what he is really beginning to say is that biography should support the work, if necessary at the expense of the life; that it should (as with the gospel of St John) fulfil the career of the artist which takes over from the life of the man. Later still, he refers to "the dramatic faculty that enables me to live the stage effect. I am producing, I am exploiting it historically for the inner purpose that drives me on without any real complicity in its artificiality." And yet, since you may not separate style from content in art, there is a sentence he writes: "Reality has no place in individual portraiture because Reality is not an individual thing; it drives every one else. But then he crossed out 'Reality' and substituted 'the inner life'. Shaw knew that reality and the inner life were the same thing; but he over-rode them with stage effect and the external life. He knew the sort of distortion this was likely to produce. In his fifties he had written that "no man has an accurate knowledge of his own life" and that when an autobiography does not agree with a biography, the biography is probably right and the autobiography wrong. Such a statement, from someone who has invariably imposed autobiography on his biographers, is devastating. It is self-sacrificing truth of truth that the art out to be the sacrifice of truth to the art of Dr Pangloss. The man who, in the nineteenth century, had called for a new type of truth-telling in biography had grown into a twentieth-century subject for biographers - why reminding his readers that "when you read a biography remember that the truth is never fit for publication."

In so far as this was valid in Shaw's lifetime, it cannot have the same validity now that he is dead and unable personally to suffer from what he has written about him. One thing, however, has not changed in the seventy-five years since Arnold Henderson began the first authorized biography of Shaw. On a visit to England, Henderson was introduced to Bram Stoker as "Bernie Shaw's biographer." "I can only say," remarked Stoker, "that you have my profound sympathy!" That need of sympathy for Shaw's biographer is, I can assure you from my heart, as profound today as it was then.

This article is adapted from two lectures given, recently by Michael Holroyd, Bernard Shaw's authorized biographer, the Gifford Memorial Lecture delivered at the Royal Society of Literature in the Royal Morden Memorial Lecture at Portland State University, Oregon.

for Holyhead printed in the *Irish Times* that Mrs Shaw followed Lee to London on her twenty-first wedding anniversary - that is only a few days after Lee's own departure, not six months or even year or two that Shaw implied. But the hand of Shaw appeared to stretch back and show that Rosset's almost as despatch as it had O'Boiger's. Rosset had quoted from Shaw without the permission of the Shaw Estate, and the Shaw Estate swiftly withdrew the book from publication. Not long after that Rosset died. The history of Demetrius O'Boiger seemed to have been posthumously repeated.

Besides marrying his cook, Rosset had made one other inspired choice while living in Dublin. He had selected a man called John O'Donovan as his research assistant. Many of his findings were in fact the discoveries of John O'Donovan who, unlike Rosset, was a natural writer. He wrote a play about Shaw's youth for the Abbey Theatre and a tiny luminous masterpiece of biographical detective work, a study of Vandeleur Lee and his influence on G.B.S., entitled *Shaw and the Christlike Genius*.

How would Shaw himself have responded to such a book? His attitude to biography had altered in the course of his life. As a young anonymous reviewer for the *Poll Magazine* in the 1880s, he had called for the sort of revolution in biographical writing that Lytton Strachey was to conduct. Later, in 1905, he wrote, to Henry Irving's son: "If you write a life of your father, don't make it a vestryman's epitaph. Let us have the truth about the artist, the tremendously selfish, self-sacrificing truth. The artist sacrifices everything to his art, beginning with himself. But the artist is himself." In his statement Shaw's attitude is on the turn. For what he is really beginning to say is that biography should support the work, if necessary at the expense of the life; that it should (as with the gospel of St John) fulfil the career of the artist which takes over from the life of the man. Later still, he refers to "the dramatic faculty that enables me to live the stage effect. I am producing, I am exploiting it historically for the inner purpose that drives me on without any real complicity in its artificiality." And yet, since you may not separate style from content in art, there is a sentence he writes: "Reality has no place in individual portraiture because Reality is not an individual thing; it drives every one else. But then he crossed out 'Reality' and substituted 'the inner life'. Shaw knew that reality and the inner life were the same thing; but he over-rode them with stage effect and the external life. He knew the sort of distortion this was likely to produce. In his fifties he had written that "no man has an accurate knowledge of his own life" and that when an autobiography does not agree with a biography, the biography is probably right and the autobiography wrong. Such a statement, from someone who has invariably imposed autobiography on his biographers, is devastating. It is self-sacrificing truth of truth that the art out to be the sacrifice of truth to the art of Dr Pangloss. The man who, in the nineteenth century, had called for a new type of truth-telling in biography had grown into a twentieth-century subject for biographers - why reminding his readers that "when you read a biography remember that the truth is never fit for publication."

In so far as this was valid in Shaw's lifetime, it cannot have the same validity now that he is dead and unable personally to suffer from what he has written about him. One thing, however, has not changed in the seventy-five years since Arnold Henderson began the first authorized biography of Shaw. On a visit to England, Henderson was introduced to Bram Stoker as "Bernie Shaw's biographer." "I can only say," remarked Stoker, "that you have my profound sympathy!" That need of sympathy for Shaw's biographer is, I can assure you from my heart, as profound today as it was then.

This article is adapted from two lectures given, recently by Michael Holroyd, Bernard Shaw's authorized biographer, the Gifford Memorial Lecture delivered at the Royal Society of Literature in the Royal Morden Memorial Lecture at Portland State University, Oregon.

for Holyhead printed in the *Irish Times* that Mrs Shaw followed Lee to London on her twenty-first wedding anniversary - that is only a few days after Lee's own departure, not six months or even year or two that Shaw implied. But the hand of Shaw appeared to stretch back and show that Rosset's almost as despatch as it had O'Boiger's. Rosset had quoted from Shaw without the permission of the Shaw Estate, and the Shaw Estate swiftly withdrew the book from publication. Not long after that Rosset died. The history of Demetrius O'Boiger seemed to have been posthumously repeated.

Besides marrying his cook, Rosset had made one other inspired choice while living in Dublin. He had selected a man called John O'Donovan as his research assistant. Many of his findings were in fact the discoveries of John O'Donovan who, unlike Rosset, was a natural writer. He wrote a play about Shaw's youth for the Abbey Theatre and a tiny luminous masterpiece of biographical detective work, a study of Vandeleur Lee and his influence on G.B.S., entitled *Shaw and the Christlike Genius*.

How would Shaw himself have responded to such a book? His attitude to biography had altered in the course of his life. As a young anonymous reviewer for the *Poll Magazine* in the 1880s, he had called for the sort of revolution in biographical writing that Lytton Strachey was to conduct. Later, in 1905, he wrote, to Henry Irving's son: "If you write a life of your father, don't make it a vestryman's epitaph. Let us have the truth about the artist, the tremendously selfish, self-sacrificing truth. The artist sacrifices everything to his art, beginning with himself. But the artist is himself." In his statement Shaw's attitude is on the turn. For what he is really beginning to say is that biography should support the work, if necessary at the expense of the life; that it should (as with the gospel of St John) fulfil the career of the artist which takes over from the life of the man. Later still, he refers to "the dramatic faculty that enables me to live the stage effect. I am producing, I am exploiting it historically for the inner purpose that drives me on without any real complicity in its artificiality." And yet, since you may not separate style from content in art, there is a sentence he writes: "Reality has no place in individual portraiture because Reality is not an individual thing; it drives every one else. But then he crossed out 'Reality' and substituted 'the inner life'. Shaw knew that reality and the inner life were the same thing; but he over-rode them with stage effect and the external life. He knew the sort of distortion this was likely to produce. In his fifties he had written that "no man has an accurate knowledge of his own life" and that when an autobiography does not agree with a biography, the biography is probably right and the autobiography wrong. Such a statement, from someone who has invariably imposed autobiography on his biographers, is devastating. It is self-sacrificing truth of truth that the art out to be the sacrifice of truth to the art of Dr Pangloss. The man who, in the nineteenth century, had called for a new type of truth-telling in biography had grown into a twentieth-century subject for biographers - why reminding his readers that "when you read a biography remember that the truth is never fit for publication."

In so far as this was valid in Shaw's lifetime, it cannot have the same validity now that he is dead and unable personally to suffer from what he has written about him. One thing, however, has not changed in the seventy-five years since Arnold Henderson began the first authorized biography of Shaw. On a visit to England, Henderson was introduced to Bram Stoker as "Bernie Shaw's biographer." "I can only say," remarked Stoker, "that you have my profound sympathy!" That need of sympathy for Shaw's biographer is, I can assure you from my heart, as profound today as it was then.

This article is adapted from two lectures given, recently by Michael Holroyd, Bernard Shaw's authorized biographer, the Gifford Memorial Lecture delivered at the Royal Society of Literature in the Royal Morden Memorial Lecture at Portland State University, Oregon.

for Holyhead printed in the *Irish Times* that Mrs Shaw followed Lee to London on her twenty-first wedding anniversary - that is only a few days after Lee's own departure, not six months or even year or two that Shaw implied. But the hand of Shaw appeared to stretch back and show that Rosset's almost as despatch as it had O'Boiger's. Rosset had quoted from Shaw without the permission of the Shaw Estate, and the Shaw Estate swiftly withdrew the book from publication. Not long after that Rosset died. The history of Demetrius O'Boiger seemed to have been posthumously repeated.

Besides marrying his cook, Rosset had made one other inspired choice while living in Dublin. He had selected a man called John O'Donovan as his research assistant. Many of his findings were in fact the discoveries of John O'Donovan who, unlike Rosset, was a natural writer. He wrote a play about Shaw's youth for the Abbey Theatre and a tiny luminous masterpiece of biographical detective work, a study of Vandeleur Lee and his influence on G.B.S., entitled *Shaw and the Christlike Genius*.

How would Shaw himself have responded to such a book? His attitude to biography had altered in the course of his life. As a young anonymous reviewer for the *Poll Magazine* in the 1880s, he had called for the sort of revolution in biographical writing that Lytton Strachey was to conduct. Later, in 1905, he wrote, to Henry Irving's son: "If you write a life of your father, don't make it a vestryman's epitaph. Let us have the truth about the artist, the tremendously selfish, self-sacrificing truth. The artist sacrifices everything to his art, beginning with himself. But the artist is himself." In his statement Shaw's attitude is on the turn. For what he is really beginning to say is that biography should support the work, if necessary at the expense of the life; that it should (as with the gospel of St John) fulfil the career of the artist which takes over from the life of the man. Later still, he refers to "the dramatic faculty that enables me to live the stage effect. I am producing, I am exploiting it historically for the inner purpose that drives me on without any real complicity in its artificiality." And yet, since you may not separate style from content in art, there is a sentence he writes: "Reality has no place in individual portraiture because Reality is not an individual thing; it drives every one else. But then he crossed out 'Reality' and substituted 'the inner life'. Shaw knew that reality and the inner life were the same thing; but he over-rode them with stage effect and the external life. He knew the sort of distortion this was likely to produce. In his fifties he had written that "no man has an accurate knowledge of his own life" and that when an autobiography does not agree with a biography, the biography is probably right and the autobiography wrong. Such a statement, from someone who has invariably imposed autobiography on his biographers, is devastating. It is self-sacrificing truth of truth that the art out to be the sacrifice of truth to the art of Dr Pangloss. The man who, in the nineteenth century, had called for a new type of truth-telling in biography had grown into a twentieth-century subject for biographers - why reminding his readers that "when you read a biography remember that the truth is never fit for publication."

In so far as this was valid in Shaw's lifetime, it cannot have the same validity now that he is dead and unable personally to suffer from what he has written about him. One thing, however, has not changed in the seventy-five years since Arnold Henderson began the first authorized biography of Shaw. On a visit to England, Henderson was introduced to Bram Stoker as "Bernie Shaw's biographer." "I can only say," remarked Stoker, "that you have my profound sympathy!" That need of sympathy for Shaw's biographer is, I can assure you from my heart, as profound today as it was then.

In so far as this was valid in Shaw's lifetime, it cannot have the same validity now that he is dead and unable personally to suffer from what he has written about him. One thing, however, has not changed in the seventy-five years since Arnold Henderson began the first authorized biography of Shaw. On a visit to England, Henderson was introduced to Bram Stoker as "Bernie Shaw's biographer." "I can only say," remarked Stoker, "that you have my profound sympathy!" That need of sympathy for Shaw's biographer is, I can assure you from my heart, as profound today as it was then.

This article is adapted from two lectures given, recently by Michael Holroyd, Bernard Shaw's authorized biographer, the Gifford Memorial Lecture delivered at the Royal Society of Literature in the Royal Morden Memorial Lecture at Portland State University, Oregon.

Paperbacks in brief

PHILIP ZIEGLER. *Dionio Cooper*. 384pp. Penguin. £2.50. 0 14 00637 5. First published by Hamish Hamilton in 1981 and reviewed in the TLS of September 25, 1981.

Gardening
FELICITY BRYAN. *The Town Gardener's Companion*. 182pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 04659 6. First published by André Deutsch in 1981.

ANTHONY HUXLEY. *The Penguin Encyclopedia of Gardening*. 373pp. Penguin. £4.95. 0 14 046297 X. First published by Allen Lane in 1981.

WILLIAM ROBINSON. *The Wild Garden*. 304pp. Century. £4.95. 0 7126 0171 1. William Robinson was an enemy of wanton repression in the garden, and to this book, originally published in 1870, he advocates principles openly opposed to Victorian formality. He is horrified by wintry bareness, and by the wasteful practice of summer bedding out, in gaudy military rows, of valiant but tender flowers, to be ripped out as soon as their bloom is over. Naturalization is the guiding principle of the Wild Garden, and there are economies of stock and labour too, for the true wild garden plant is hardy and needs no care after planting. Robinson's influence can be seen wherever there are multitudes of daffodils and crocuses pushing their way up through lawns and meadows. But, as he is at pains to make clear, the wild garden is neither the picturesque wilderness favoured by "landscape" gardeners, nor a meaningless imitation of Nature. Exotic and native plants are to be artfully combined to natural looking groups to cast their charms along hedges and old walls, in bogs, meadows and dells. Bulbs are essential, as are climbers - roses and clematis and vines together scrambling up trees and over fences; and wildflowers, too, in clumps for greater effect, such as goldenrods, poppies, hellebores, or cornflowers. It must be admitted that Robinson's *The Wild Garden* inspires a craving for an estate with country house and parkland, but its principles can be applied even to the smaller city garden without too much heartbreak.

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES. *Sissinghurst: The Making of a Garden*. 160pp. Michael Joseph. £6.95. 0 7181 2256 9. Harold Knole and the Sackvilles, Harold Nicholson's *Diaries*, *Portrait of a Marriage* etc. Anne Scott-James's book (first published in 1975 and reviewed in the TLS of April 25 that year), which quotes liberally from such sources, might be suspected of carrying documentation about this couple to an absurd degree. It is in fact a fascinating account of how Nicholson and Vita Sackville-West bought Sissinghurst in 1931 and created its famous garden out of an overgrown and neglected wilderness. It also shows that gardens can be more interesting than people, that Vita was capable of extremely hard work, that the garden is an exceptional and original creation (the photographs give some idea of its beauty) and that an axed narrative can be made out of the subject. It is spiced with anecdotes and individual glimpses of its owners: Vita, hastening to have something pretty growing to show Harold on his return from Persia; Harold with his briefcase in hand making a tour of the garden after his week in London; luncheon outdoors in 1940 so that Vita could watch the bombers.

L.D.
LAWRENCE FERROMAN. *The Evolution of Nuclear Strategy*. 473pp. Macmillan. £8.95. 0 333 34584 9. First published in 1981 and reviewed in the TLS of April 16, 1982.

LAURO MARTINEZ. *Power and Imagination: City States in Renaissance Italy*. 513pp. Penguin. £6.95. 0 14 055 158 1. First published in 1980 and Britain by Allen Lane in 1982. Reviewed in the TLS of July 25 that year. The author is a misreading of the Renaissance as a large commitment, too, in the areas of interest through which Donoe is investigated - his Catholicism and apostasy, his ambition, his interest in the cities of Northern Italy began to

assert their identity and autonomy as against the feudal monarchy of the Italian Kingdom. His perspective (like that of the Renaissance Humanists) is thoroughly Thucydidean. The history of the era is the history not just of city-states, but specifically of their urban centres. All conform more or less to the same pattern of development: through commune, podestà, popolo, signory and oligarchy to the princely courts of the High Renaissance. What is more important, is that it is only against the background of this struggle for power that one can understand the works of the imagination: Dante is so much a child of the Florence of the popular commune as Castiglione is of Strozzi's Milan.

K.M.
R. H. TAWNEY. *The Acquisitive Society*. 191pp. Harvester Press. £5.95. 0 7108 0045 2. First published in 1921 by G. Bell and now re-issued with a preface by Peter Townsend. This classic was reviewed unfavourably in the TLS of June 7, 1921. The review ended: "In a time like the present, however, it seems equally out of place to call Heaven to witness to the bitter and vindictive aloof of the working classes" and to retell that the reason why the workers will not work is that the rich do not deserve that they should. Human nature is a poor thing at best; no doubt the rich are greedy and no doubt the poor are envious, but is either side likely to do much for society by expatiating on the faults of the other?

Humour
MAL CALMAN. *Calman Revisited*. unnumbered pp. Methuen. £2.95. 0 413 57720 4. A collection of cartoons from Calman's previous books, to be published on May 12. The picture here is taken from it.



Literary Criticism
JOHN CAREY. *John Donne: Life, Mind and Art*. 339pp. Faber. £8.95. 0 571 13009 9. John Carey's book on Donne (reviewed by Christopher Hill in the TLS of 12 June 1981) is an exemplary study to which the poet's life and work are mixed. Donne comes across as a writer well suited to this kind of treatment: the creative part of his life being at once more fully accessible and more obviously fascinating to the interpreter than those of such contemporaries as Spenser or Shakespeare. Traditional critical priorities are strongly endorsed here, for imaginative integrity is what Carey endeavours to seek out. But there is nothing old-fashioned about it. There is, rather, a lively élan in his choice of Donne for such a study. If we recall the extent to which it was on the endlessly discussable "effects" of poets like Donne that the established twentieth-century critical practice of separating the "life" from the "work" rests, there is originality and commitment, too, in the areas of interest through which Donne is investigated - his Catholicism and apostasy, his ambition, his interest in the cities of Northern Italy began to

bodies, death, change and reason. In these categories we are given a picture not just of one man but of the interrelationship of his imagination with the concerns of his time.

R.B.
NEIL MCEWAN. *The Survival of the Novel: British Fiction in the Later Twentieth Century*. 188pp. Macmillan. £6.95. 0 333 34885 0. Neil McEwan's intentions, in *The Survival of the Novel* (first published in 1981), are to show "how in Victorian even the most Victorian-seeming modern English novelists are" and "to examine the originality of writers in relation to the Victorian novel". In the first part of the book he demonstrates how certain writers might use a conventional idiom (Angus Wilson, Kingsley Amis) or self-consciously refer to its style or content (Fowles). In this way the English novel may remain local but not parochial. McEwan analyses in detail the style of particular authors - Fowles, Murdoch, Powell, Kingsley Amis and Angus Wilson - and argues that their wide range of linguistic and formal skills serves to free them from the traditions they might seem to be bound to. Their fertility thus permits them to create a new, modern and imaginative kind of fiction. The book concludes with a specific analysis of two modern classics - *The Go-Between* and *Lord of the Flies*. McEwan argues with conviction that the English writer has an inbuilt superiority over his more ostentatiously experimental French or American counterpart for he has at his disposal the means to juxtapose the Victorian, social world which created the modern novel, against a "disrupted" modern vision.

V.R.
Social History
DAVID VINCENT. *Bread, Knowledge, Freedom: A Study of Nineteenth-Century Working Class Autobiography*. 221pp. Methuen. £4.95. 0 416 34670 7. Originally published by Europa in 1981 and reviewed in the TLS (by J.F.C. Harrison) of February 5, 1982 who wrote: "Using 142 primary working class autobiographies covering the period c.1790-1850, and supported by another eighty titles of associated works by contemporaries, he has neatly extended the range of the material available in this field of social history."

Social Studies
HUON BROOKE. *Maps and Dreams: A Journey into the Lives and Lands of the Beaver Indians of Northwest Canada*. 279pp. Penguin. £2.50. 0 14 022426 2. First published in Great Britain by Jill Norman and Hobhouse in 1982 and reviewed in the TLS of March 19, 1982.

ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Moksha*. 329pp. Penguin. £3.95. 0 14 00 4919 X. First published in America in 1977. "There were dope addicts long before there were farmers," and the psychotropic proclivities of human-kind are one of the main topics in this collection of Huxley's predictably limpid, stylish writings on drugs and visionary experience, with a preface by Albert Hofmann, the inventor of LSD, and edited by Michael Horowitz and Cynthia Palmer. Among the more speculative religious, scientific and pharmacological essays are excerpts from Huxley's novels and letters, and reports of his own experiments with LSD and mescaline. His enthusiasm for chemical transcendence sometimes risks veering unacceptably off-key, but on the whole a reassuring pitch of reasoned idealistic exultation is evenly, intelligently and informatively maintained.

G.S.
Theology
ANDERS NYGREN. *Agape and Eros*. Translated by Philip S. Watson. 764pp. SPCK. £12.50. 0 281 04006 0. This theological classic (the complete edition first published here in 1953) is an exercise in manifold research. A motif in this context is an idea which, although relatively simple in itself, is the focus of a whole system of thought. If we want to understand the religion of Plato and

his followers - and specifically their conception of Man's relations with God - we must look to its leading motif, namely Eros. The force which binds Man to God is Man's love for God, a selfish appetite for an end perceived as good. Early Christianity signalled a "transvaluation" of the values of the "Eros-system": henceforth God's unselfish and undeserved love for Man, preceding even his creation, and hence the judgement that it was good, and evoking in him the pale reflection of God's Agape which is faith, is the dominant motif. Nygren traces the dialectic of Eros and Agape through a labyrinth of Parts, Chapters and Sections to its consummation in Luther's Copernican Revolution.

K.M.
Travel
CELIA FIENNES. *The Journeys of Celia Fienes*, with an introduction by John Hillaby. 430pp. Futura. £2.25. 0 7088 2069 7. John Hillaby displays an uncanny intimacy with Celia Fienes ("Celia" to him) in his introduction to this collection of her travels. But that past, there are the journals themselves, of the early travels in the South (c. 1685-96), the northern journey and the tour of Kent (1697), "My Great Journey to Newcastle and Cornwall" (1698) and the later journeys and visit to London. The book was "never designed, so not likely to fall into the hands of any but my near relations" and as a consequence it is unpolished almost to a fault. Yet its roughness is typical of its contingent pleasures - its sporadic descriptive acuity, its sporadically unself-regarding casualness in the face of hardship, its frustratingly selective and caustically Nonconformist eye for detail, and its highly valuable accounts of conditions and trades, and of places, like Colchester, which are no more.

A.J.G.H.
FERN FLAMING. *One's Company*. 251pp. Penguin. £2.95. 0 14 00 9509 8. Ex-Captain of Oppidians, twice disinherited, Peter Fleming bamboozled Printing House Square into defraying the cost of his second trip to China; it was only while he was there that his first book, *Brazilian Adventure*, made his name as a travel writer. Perhaps *One's Company* (first published in 1934 by Jonathan Cape and reviewed in the TLS of August 9 that year) was not the most obvious of his books to re-issue. Aficionados relish his dry and self-deprecatory style, but here it is only the over-exquisiteness of his style which wins any humour from the relatively mundane scrapes he gets into, while on the serious moral and political issues at stake - the fate of Manchuria under Japanese rule, the future of Communism in China - his judgement is gravely at fault.

K.M.
MAX TWAIN. *A Tramp Abroad*. 488pp. Century. £5.95. 0 7126 00345 0. In March 1878 it occurred to Mark Twain that "it had been many years since the world had been afforded the spectacle of a man adventurous enough to undertake a journey through Europe on foot" and that he "was a person fitted to furnish to mankind this spectacle". *A Tramp Abroad*, published in 1880, records Twain's progress, in company with his companion Harlan, through the Black Forest, Switzerland and into Italy. Twain's reverence is as refreshing as ever (predictably here on Wagner's operas and German teatons) and there are sharply observed accounts of the gory ritual of Heidelberg student duels. Less to contemporary taste may be the anecdotal digressions and over-elaborate leg-pulls, such as Twain's seven-day ascent from Zermatt to the Riffelberg with an expedition of "198 persons, including the mules, or 205, including the cows". There is, however, a splendid anecdote of the mad King Ludwig II of Bavaria soaking a cast and stage in his Munich opera house from the overhead sprinklers - a demolition bid for realism; they don't make them like that any more.

Town and Country

I.
An elderdown embroidered with
A thousand sleeping lids;
An elderdown concrete-hued and sown
With a hundred thousand windows;
Her town sleep, her country sleep.

II.
The flies as the fume of acid sunshine
Consuming the world, fast, pecking it up,
As the spiders tinkle at the flies.
She entered - fascinating presence -
Instantly there was an intuition of order.
I thought of the butterfly or snail
Of man that wanders off when he is sick:
Thus it returns.

III.
The sky was brass-coloured.
The traffic rang like trumpets.
The heat wriggled over the slate roofs
Like a plague of serpents.
Under television aerials like
Elaborate can-openers, we sat
By the awakening trees.
The cherry that was waking up
In the Spring sunshine, wooden construct
Of a thousand sleeping lids
Like the knots in eyes in wood
Getting themselves soft lids
So they could know awakening; lids despite
The brass-sounding air, the roar of cars.
In the paddock, the violin-faced horse
Trotted over, his nostrils mule.

IV.
The muzzle of that wolf, the wind,
Tattered the blossoms.
III.
There was the almost-silent work,
The spring of water, continuing
Under the threshold of sleep.
Of ghosts there, of the spirits
Who in nightmares rattled tambourines
As if they were chains.
IV.
Now we were drinking up our beer
In a pavilion with green curtains blowing,
The wind and rain worrying at the tent,
Our clothes embroidered with eyes, some open
And some closed, depicting the wind, the flowers.

Peter Redgrove